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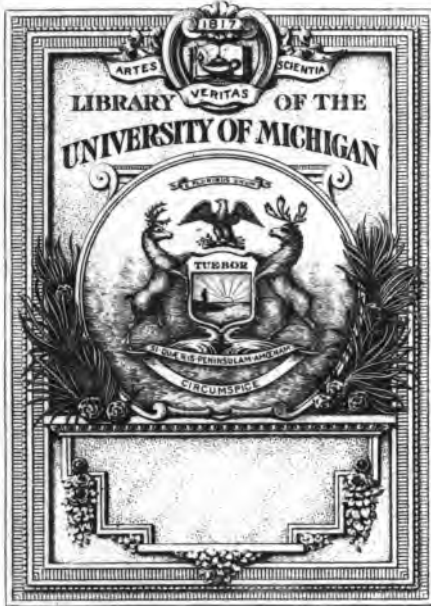
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BALLADS

PATRIOTIC & ROMANTIC

By

CLINTON SCOLLARD



NEW YORK

LAURENCE J. GOMME

1916

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CONTENTS

PATRIOTIC BALLADS

The Drum of Lexington	3
Wayne at Stony Point	5
The Ride of Tench Tilghman	10
Old Hickory	13
Ballad of John Barry	15
Chant of the Mohawk	17
The Scythe Tree	21
Ballad of Lieutenant Miles	23
On an American Soldier of Fortune Slain in France	25
Song for Memorial Day	27
A Song for Flag Day	29

ROMANTIC BALLADS

The Last Dream of Attila	33
The Inn of the Five Chimneys	38
Onota the White Doe	41
Muriel of the Tower	45
By the Turret Stair	48
Guiraut the Troubadour	50
A Ballad of Hallowmass	53
The Blue Arras	57

CONTENTS

The Mosque of the Sultan	61
Ballad of Achmed Pasha	64
Ballad of the Eve of Yule	67

THE LURE OF THE ORIENT

Allah il Allah	73
Out of Babylon	75
A Desert Song	77
Al Mamoun	79
There was an Arch at Banias	81
The Tomb of Bizzos	82
A Syrian Memory	83
Moonlight in the Desert	84
In the Grand Bazaar	85
A Nile Night	87
Stars Over Egypt	88
Flowing Waters	89
The Miser	90
Syrian Love Song	91
At Samaria	92
The Winds of Lebanon	93
A Desert Vision	94
Tyrian Dyes	95
Off Chios	96
A Prayer Carpet	97
The Whisper of the Sands	99
Flowers	100

CONTENTS

THE LYRIC QUEST

The Flutes of April	105
The Wonder Worker	107
Winter in the Marsh	108
The Crocus Flame	110
April Music	112
The Voice	114
Vintage	116
A Vagrant	117
My Cathedral	119
May Magic.	121
The Eternal Presence	122
The Lute Player	123
Divinity	124
Truant Feet	125
At the Grave of Poe	126
Workers	128
Wander Song	129
Harmonies	130
Spendthrifts	131
Song in March	132
The Cup	133
Pussy Willows	134
Twelfth Night Song	135
Soul to Body	136
Sunflowers	137

CONTENTS

The Heights	138
May by Avon-Side	139
Beauty	141
A Voyager	142
A Young Poet	143
Twilight Song	144
The Quiet Wood	145
Omens	146
An Autumn Pilgrim	147
Reward	149
The Mystery	150
Altars	151
Who Knows the Master Maker's Mind	152
Honeycombs	153
The Playhouse of Dreams	154
Ships	155
Oracles	156
I Have Seen Beauty	158
The Apiary	159
The Call of the Hills	160
Life	161
The Fisherman	162
An Autumn Song	164
Dust	165
At the Falling of the Leaf	166
Dusk	167
Autumn in the Beech Wood	168

CONTENTS

Sanctuary	169
Now No Bird Sings	170
The Great Carbuncle	171
Soli Deo Gloria	173
The Wind Beguileth All	175
Daffodil Time	177
Wooing Song	178
Strawberries	180
At Darley Dale	181



*To deities of gauds and gold,
Land of our Fathers, do not bow!
But unto those beloved of old
Bend thou the brow!*

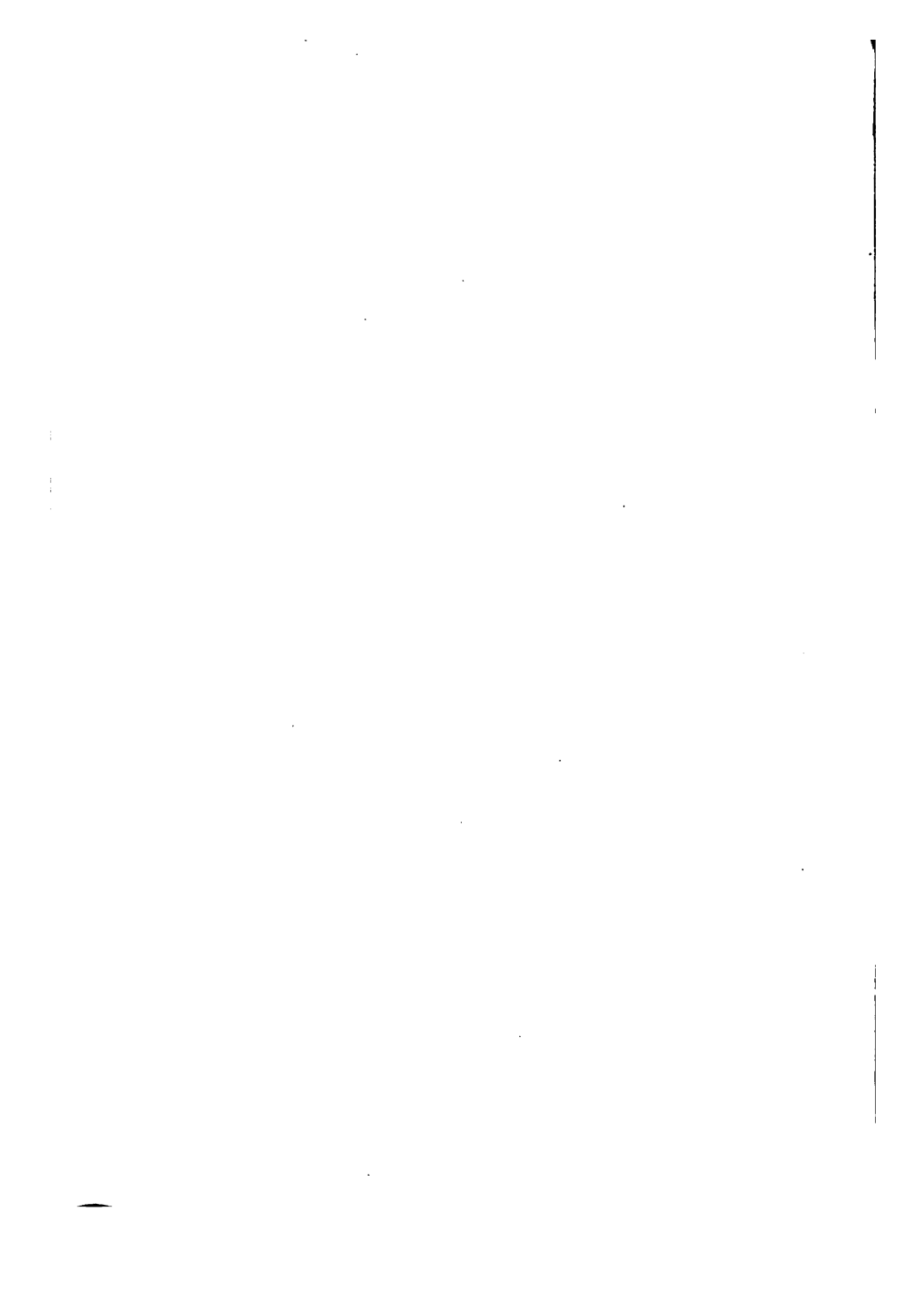
*Austere they were of front and form;
Rigid as iron in their aim;
Yet in them pulsed a blood as warm
And pure as flame;—*

*Honor, whose foster-child is Truth;
Unselfishness in place and plan;
Justice, with melting heart of ruth;
And Faith in man!*

*Give these thy worship, then no fears
Of future foes need fright thy soul!
Triumphant thou shalt mount the years
Toward thy high goal!*

5

PATRIOTIC BALLADS



THE DRUM OF LEXINGTON

BUT yesterday I saw the historic drum
Which William Dimon beat,
Upon that fateful far-off April morn,
Along each winding street,
And on the memorable Green of Lexington,
Bidding the patriots come
And face the banded hosts of tyranny;
At the reveille was a nation born
Pledged to the sacred rights of Liberty.

Now 'neath the rays of the same vernal sun
Peace broods about the Green,
But it remembers yet,
Girdled with stately elms memorial,
The hurtle of the deadly musket-ball,
And how its sod was wet
With sacrificial blood — the whole sad, ruthless scene!

Would that the drum of Lexington again
Might sound its summoning call,
Sound from the rocky coast of Maine
Where Agimenticus, inland, fronts the seas,
To where the long trades sweep and swell and fall
Round the Floridian keys!

Aye, sound from Puget, on which Shasta's crown
Majestically looks down,
E'en to the borders of that stricken land
Beyond the brown coils of the Rio Grande!

Have we grown sleek with sloth?
Sloughed the old virile spirit, taken on
Abasement for a garment? Are we loath
To rouse us, and to don
The rapt heroic valor once again
That girdled us when men indeed were men?
Caution and doubt and fear seem subtly crept
Upon us, and, inept,
We stumble, falter, palter, and we need
Not the smooth word, but the swift, searching deed.
If bleed we must, then rather let us bleed
Than sit inglorious, rich in all the things
Save those which honor brings!

Now every slope of our dear land is fair
Beneath the azure of the April air;
The impatient loam is ready for the seed.
But we? Take heed, take heed,
My brothers! And O you, brave wraith
Of dauntlessness and faith,
You, William Dimon, come!
Come, sound the old reveille on your drum,
The drum of Lexington,
And make us all, in steadfast purpose, one!

WAYNE AT STONY POINT

THIS is a tale to tell your sons
Of the craggy steeps that lie
Where the tides of Hudson sweep and swing
South by the Ferry of the King,
And of those who did a dauntless thing
On the noon of a night gone by.

'Twas Washington sat in his tent,
And he scanned a writing well;
And it was thus that the writing ran, —
“I, Anthony Wayne, am ever your man;
If you'll but plot, if you'll but plan,
I'll storm the heights of Hell!”

The General smiled his slow grave smile
That boded the foeman ill;
And, as he bent his head and wrote,
The lyric trill of the tawny-throat
Kept time, now near and now remote,
To the scratching of his quill.

For it was the heart of the summertime,
And the Highlands surged away,
In gleaming billows of verdure dressed,

Great of girth and broad of breast,
Vale on vale and crest on crest,
Under the golden day.

It was the heart of the summertime,
Suspense filled all the air,
For armed men lurked amid the trees
About Torn Mountain's rugged knees,
And where Dean Forest swayed in the breeze
Back from the Mount of the Bear!

And they were men of the north and south,
Band on resolute band,
Men of the Massachusetts line,
Men who had fought at Brandywine,
Men stanch as the Carolina pine,
And the flower of Maryland.

'Twas Anthony Wayne sat in his tent
With his hand cupped for his chin,
His thoughts afar where an ensign flew
From the rocky peak of a Point he knew,
When a messenger, clad in buff and blue,
From the droop of the dusk strode in.

He gave the leader a swift salute,
As he stood there, heel to heel;
"A letter, sir!" and the eyes of Wayne
Lit as the skies do after rain,

And his heart was tuned to a martial strain
As he broke the letter's seal.

"To-morrow," he read, "at the noon of night,
Be this the day and the hour!"

And his laugh rang out as the laugh of one
Who sees, with the first bright beam of the sun,
The chrismal crown of glory won,
And the dawn of victory flower.

Morn on a sickle beach of sand
That a swerve of the Hudson made;
And line on line, and rank on rank,
Under the dip of the shelving bank,
Powdered and shaven, fore and flank,
The troops upon parade!

"Forward!" then through the stealthy noon
They marched at a measured pace;
The woodland paths at a swinging stride
They trod, and Donderberg's frowning side,
Till they came, at the edge of the twilight-tide,
To the vale of Devil's Race.

Then each man shaped him a white cockade
That the plan might have no flaw,
While the hours crept by, and naught was heard
Save only the breath of a whispered word,
Or the frog's low croak, or the breeze that stirred
O'er the bay of Haverstraw.

No beacon shone in the vast of the vault,
And there was no bugle blown,
When out from the shroud of beech and pine
Onward they moved in a silent line,
And the General gave them the countersign —
 “The fort’s our own! — our own!”

It was file by left and file by right,
And a narrow file to the fore,
And there was Febiger, gallant Dane,
Fleury and Butler, bold and fain,
And over them all “Mad Anthony Wayne,”
 The chief of the fighting corps.

Through the strangling grip of the marsh’s mire
With never a pause they pressed,
And though the sound of the foeman’s fire
Rang like the strings of a battle-lyre,
Higher they fought their way and higher
 Till they won to the cragged crest.

Hand to hand, and brand to brand,
They grappled, with grisly scars,
Till the banner that stood for the king and crown
From the peak of Stony Point came down,
And there floated the flag of new renown, —
 Our flag of the Stripes and Stars.

Though smitten sore by a hurtling ball
As they upward charged from the fen,

Through the flame-rent murk of the midnight pall,
And the clamor and stress of the conflict-thrall,
"Bear me on!" was their leader's call;

"I would die at the head of my men!"

But not his to die, and he heard the cry
From bastion and breach back thrown,
A sound that echoes and triumphs still
From the crest of that memory-haunted hill,
The exultant cry, with its olden thrill, —
"The fort's our own! — our own!"

Our own! aye, every league of land
From the east to the western main!
Our own! — and may we never forget,
Till the light of Liberty's sun be set,
His dauntless deed, and our deathless debt
To men like Anthony Wayne!

THE RIDE OF TENCH TILGHMAN

THEY'VE marched them out of old Yorktown, the
vanquished red-coat host, —
The grenadiers and fusiliers, Great Britain's pride and
boast;
They've left my Lord Cornwallis sitting gnawing at
his nails,
With pale chagrin from brow to chin that grim defeat
prevails.
Their banners cased, in sullen haste their pathway
they pursue
Between the liliated lines of France, the boys in Buff
and Blue;
At last their arms away are cast, with muttering and
frown,
The while the drums roll out the tune
The World Turned Upside Down!

It's up, Tench Tilghman, you must ride,
Yea, you must ride straightway,
And bear to all the countryside
The glory of this day,
Crying amain the glad refrain,
This word by field and town, —
"Cornwallis' ta'en! Cornwallis' ta'en!
The World Turned Upside Down!"

Roused Williamsburgh to hear the hoofs
That loud a tattoo played,
While back from doorways, windows, roofs,
Rang cheers from man and maid.
His voice, a twilight clarion, spoke
By slow Pamunkey's ford;
In Fredericksburg to all the folk
'Twas like a singing sword.

It thrilled while Alexandria slept
By brown Potomac's shore,
And, like a forest fire, it swept
The streets of Baltimore.
With it Elk Tavern's rafters shook
As though the thunder rolled;
It stirred the brigs off Marcus Hook
From lookout to the hold.

When midnight held the autumn sky,
Again and yet again
It echoed through the way called High
Within the burg of Penn.
The city watch adjured in vain, —
"Cease! cease! you tipsy clown!"
Flung Tilghman out, — "Cornwallis' ta'en!
The World Turned Upside Down!"

Where wrapt in virtuous repose
The head of Congress lay,

A clamor welled as though there rose
The Trump of Judgment Day.
“What madness’ this?” fierce called McKean,
In white nightcap and gown;
The answer came, — “Cornwallis’ ta’en!
The World Turned Upside Down!”

Then forth into the highways poured
A wild, exultant rout,
And till the dawn there swelled and soared
Tench Tilghman’s victory shout;
Then bells took up the joyous strain,
And cannon roared to drown
The triumph cry, — “Cornwallis’ ta’en!
The World Turned Upside Down!”

In dreams, Tench Tilghman, still you ride,
As in the days of old,
And with your horse’s swinging stride
Your patriot tale is told;
It rings by river, hill, and plain,
Your memory to crown; —
“Cornwallis’ ta’en! Cornwallis’ ta’en!
The World Turned Upside Down!”

OLD HICKORY

A BALLAD FOR ANDREW JACKSON'S DAY

This is the day when we honor "Old Hickory,"

Honor him, aye, for the name that he bore!

Fierce as a fighter, and yet above trickery,

Virile and valiant and leal to the core!

Forth from Jamaica came faring the foemen,

Sixty stout sail of them, ships of the line.

Who were to combat them? Patriot yeomen,

Men of the forest as stanch as the pine!

Threading the bayou-ways, on pressed the barges,

Ensigns a-flutter like birds on the wing;

Sounded the cheers as they landed their charges,

While the bands echoed with "God Save the King!"

Haply they thought they were out for a holiday,

They who filed forward so proud into view;

Sooth, but they found it was far from a jolly day

Ere the morn's frolic of fighting was through!

For there was one who had thrilled with his bravery,

For there was one who had filled with his fire

All of his men, and they struck at enslavery

With the old Concord and Lexington ire.

Pakenham might rage, and the cannon might crack
again,
Vain was his valor, our praise to it be!
Thrice they made onset, and thrice they quailed back
again,
Thrice they reeled backward, then slunk to the sea!

Never since then has the land of our motherhood
Known the encroach of hostility's tread;
Now we clasp hands with past foes in fair brotherhood
Over the gulf of a century dead.

*This is the day when we honor "Old Hickory,"
Honor him, aye, for the name that he bore!
Fierce as a fighter, and yet above trickery,
Virile and valiant and leal to the core!*

BALLAD OF JOHN BARRY

FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY

*John Barry was a Commodore in darksome times of trial;
(No doubt they called him "Jack" upon the seal)
He raked the foemen aft and fore, of that there's no
denial;
"Jack" Barry is the Commodore for me!*

Upon the little *Lexington*, the Stars and Stripes
a-flying,
He put out from the Delaware upon a winter's day;
"Oh, there'll be fun for fourteen gun!" sooth, that
was his replying
To those who came to cheer him on the morn he
sailed away!

Ah, there was snowy smother on the wild Atlantic
surges,
And long chill watches underneath the stars!
The flaw it blew, the scud it flew, off bleak Virginian
verges,
But naught could cool the valor of those gallant
Yankee tars.

And then at last there dawned an hour when in the
south was sighted

A bark that flung the Union Jack upon the April
breeze;
"Lay to!" exclaimed the Commodore, "I'm sure
they'll be delighted
To meet another Lexington, this time upon the
seas!"

Then there was fun for fourteen gun, all in the April
weather,
For they smashed her and they gashed her, masts
and spars;
And through the windy homeward run they held her
fast in tether,
The first to strike the Union Jack before the Stripes
and Stars.

Then wrote my great Lord Howe to him, with words
as sweet as honey:
"Come!— here are golden guineas, and a stanch
ship of the line!"
Sent Barry back, "I would not come for all your
Judas money,
Nor for all your British navy that's afloat upon the
brine!"

*John Barry was a Commodore in darksome times of trial;
(No doubt they called him "Jack" upon the sea!)
He raked the foemen aft and fore, of that there's no
denial;
"Jack" Barry is the Commodore for me!*

CHANT OF THE MOHAWK

*Out of the brooding midnight,
Out of the peering morn,
Out of the spacious noonday,
These mystic words were born;
As with the rush of triumph,
Rhythm and rune, they came,
Touched with the torch of wonder,
Swept with the wings of flame.*

AND THE WATERS OF THE MOHAWK SPAKE:

We are the singing children, —
Lilt and ripple and run, —
Wrought of the opal dewdrops,
Shaped of the rain and sun;
Sprung from the gray cloud-streamers,
Pulse of the under earth,
Rousing the roots of being,
Kindling the shoots of birth;
Lyric, loving and lavish,
Free as the wind is free,
We yield our wealth to the Hudson,
And the Hudson yields to the sea!

AND THE HILLS OF THE MOHAWK SPAKE:

We are the heights God moulded,
We are the heights He planned,
In days when the world was virgin,
And marvel lay on the land;
Still on our crests the glory
Rests as it did of old;
Still on our slopes gleams beauty, —
Crimson and green and gold;
Now through our open gateways
Opulent commerce pours;
We are the ancient genii
Guarding the Mohawk shores!

AND THE MEADOWS OF THE MOHAWK SPAKE:

We are the long low levels,
Reaches of fertile loam,
Lush at the kiss of springtime,
Rich when the year goes home;
Ours are the breadth and bounty, —
Span upon sweeping span, —
That, through the harvest-magic,
Work for the weal of man.
Clothed with the winter's ermine.
Sown with the summer's flowers,
Ours are thy garths, Oneida!
Herkimer's fields are ours!

AND THE VOICES OF THE PAST SPAKE:

We are the wraiths long gathered
Into the bourn of sleep,
Into the aisles of silence
Deep as the dusk is deep;—
Men of the smoking teepees,
Of arrow and bow and spear;
Ranger and cabin-builder,
Rover and pioneer.
We are the patriot yeomen
Of brawn and bravery
Who faced the tide of conflict
At red Oriskany;
We are the men who travailed
To shape and save the State,
Who gave their strength and substance
Ungrudging long and late.
The leash of love still holds us;
Our spirits would not roam;
Here, by the hallowed Mohawk,
Forevermore is home!

AND THE VOICES OF THE PRESENT SPAKE:

We are the heirs of freedom,
The sons of rugged sires,
Who reared in the wild waste places
The shrines for their worship-fires;
The Dutch, the Celt, and the Saxon,
Of the old stanch wander-strain,

We are stringing our gem-like cities
On the Mohawk's silver chain.
Gyve — there is none to bind us;
Fear — there is none to thrall;
Only the wide horizon,
Only the sky's blue wall!
Ours are the scenes elysian
That gird us, fair and free;
Ours are the vasts of vision
Into the great To-Be!
Ours is the noblest banner
The sun has seen unfurled,
First flung upon God's pure breezes
In this garden of the world!

*Out of the brooding midnight,
Out of the peering morn,
Out of the spacious noonday,
These mystic words were born;
As with the rush of triumph,
Rhythm and rune, they came,
Touched with torch of wonder,
Swept with the wings of flame!*

THE SCYTHE TREE

FARMER JOHNSON strode from the field
With an eager step that was long and lithe;
The summer sun, like a blazing shield,
Burned on high, in the hazy sky.
A forkèd bough, as he hastened by,
Seemed a fitting place for his scythe.
So he swung it up in the balsam tree;
"There let it hang till I come!" said he.

Then he homeward hied him, humming a tune,
But he heard a word at the farmstead gate
Under the fervid heat of the noon,
A ringing call to each volunteer,
For all the land was alive with fear,
Doubt and fear for the country's fate.
So Farmer Johnson shouldered his gun,
And left his scythe to the rain and sun.

Fifty years have sped since then,
Fifty hastening years and more;
By southern wood and brake and fen
Faithful he fought, and in gallant wise,
Fought and died, and now he lies
By the far off Carolina shore,

Where the long trades blow, and the grasses wave
Over the loam of his sunken grave.

“There let it hang till I come!” he said
Of the scythe he left in the balsam tree,
And they let it hang, as the fleet days fled,
Till the small bole, fed by the kindly earth,
Clasped the scythe with a mothering girth.
To-day whoever so will may see
The starry emblem of freedom flow
Over the tip of the scythe below.

He gave his all, and he never came,
He that was strong and young and lithe,
But the balsam boughs seem to name his name,
Name his name both late and long
To the tuneful beat of a summer song,
To the undulant sway-song of the scythe;
And the banner swings to the rhythmic bars,
The banner he loved, the Stripes and Stars.

BALLAD OF LIEUTENANT MILES

WHEN you speak of dauntless deeds,
When you tell of stirring scenes,
Tell this story of the isles
Where the endless summer smiles, —
Tell of young Lieutenant Miles
In the far-off Philippines!

'Twas the Santa Ana fight! —
All along the Tagal line
From the thickets dense and dire
Gushed the fountains of their fire;
You could mark their rifles' ire,
You could hark their bullets whine.

Little wonder there was pause!
Some were wounded, some were dead;
"Call Lieutenant Miles!" He came,
In his eyes a fearless flame.
"Yonder block-house is our aim!"
The battalion leader said.

"You must take it — how you will;
You must break this damnèd spell!"
"Volunteers!" cried Miles. 'Twas vain,
For that narrow tropic lane

’Twixt the bamboo and the cane
Was a very lane of hell.

There were five stood forth at last;
God above, but they were men!
“Come!” — exultantly he saith! —
Did they falter? Not a breath!
Down the path of hurtling death
The Lieutenant led them then.

Two have fallen — now a third!
Forward dash the other three;
In the onrush of that race
Ne’er a swerve nor stay of pace.
And the Tagals — dare they face
Such a desperate company?

Panic gripped them by the throat, —
Every Tagal rifleman;
And as though they seemed to see
In those charging foemen three
An avenging destiny,
Fierce and fast and far they ran.

So a salvo for the six!
So a round of ringing cheers!
Heroes of the distant isles
Where the endless summer smiles, —
Gallant young Lieutenant Miles
And his valiant volunteers!

ON AN AMERICAN SOLDIER OF FORTUNE
SLAIN IN FRANCE

You, who sought the great adventure
That the blind fates hold in store,
Have beyond our mortal censure
Passed forever, evermore;
Passed beyond all joy or sighing,
Blush of eve or flush of dawn,
Who beneath the sod are lying
In the forest of Argonne.

What it was that lured and led you
Who shall venture, who shall say?
From the valley of the dead you
Speak not, question as we may;
Yet somehow our thoughts have flowed to
The remembrance of the debt
That our land has so long owed to
Rochambeau and Lafayette.

You, bereft of earthly raiment,
Brave as they and theirs were brave,
Have made sacrificial payment
For whate'er their valor gave.
As they came, with aid unsparing,
When both fears and foes were rife,

So you went with dreams of daring
And the offering of your life.

We, who cling to freedom, hail you,
Son of never vanquished sires,
Knowing courage did not fail you
When you faced the battle fires;
Knowing that no vaunt of Vandal
Daunted your determined aim,
Though your breath failed as a candle
'Neath a flash of morning flame.

All the brown Atlantic beaches
From far Fundy to the Keys,
All the billowy prairie reaches
Sweeping westward toward the seas,
Mount Katahdin and Mount Rainier,
Lake and river great of girth,
Greet your spirit, bold disdainer
Of the tyrannies of earth!

Thrones shall crumble, kings shall perish,
Howsoe'er their legions strive,
But the liberties men cherish,
They shall triumph and survive.
You, blithe wraith, shall be beholder
Of the flowering of that dawn,
Though your pulseless clay may moulder
In the forest of Argonne!

SONG FOR MEMORIAL DAY

LET us to-day,
Who breathe the final sweetness of the May,
Bring the enwreathèd bay
For those who trod the sacrificial way!
O sacred sod,
And O endeared dust,
Thus would we keep our trust, —
Our trust which is remembrance, and the just
Tribute to those who fought and found their God!

Not with Love's melting eyes
Bending above them did they drop the mould
Of their mortality, and watch unfold
The bright celestial skies;
The face they saw
Was red-envisaged Battle, with the awe
Of thunders round about him wide unrolled;
Not upon fair white wings, but wings of flame,
The summoning vision came.

In many a garden-close
The year's first rose
Opens its perfumed petals to the day;

Then twine these with the bay,
These tokens redolent, that they may be
As fires about the shrine of Memory,
Making perennially sweet the airs
Whereon are borne our prayers!

Our prayers!—Yea, let us lift them! Those that sleep
Have won the last great conflict, gained the crown
Of radiance and renown,
Leaving us warders of their heritage;
Be our beseechment, then, that we may keep
The land for which they bled
(Loyal and laureled dead!)
Unsullied as their courage, a white light
Of peace and purity in all men's sight
For the unfolding age!

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY

Spirits of Drake and Key, inspire my song
With something of the vital, living fire
That thrilled you when your fingers swept along
Our country's earlier lyre!

For I, in these red days of battle flame,
When half the stricken world is mad with Mars,
And lilled Peace seems a forgotten name,
Would sing the Stripes and Stars!

Although begot in strife, and first unfurled
O'er rude Fort Stanwix in the wilderness,
Our flag before the wide eyes of the world
Stands not for storm and stress.

Though we may glory that it waved on high
When cheers at Yorktown rang from lip to lip,
That it heard Lawrence's immortal cry
Of "Don't give up the ship!"

That o'er Chapultepec's stark heights it tossed
When valor upward urged to victory,
And led, when an ill-fated cause was lost,
With Sherman to the sea;

And that it fluttered proudly at the peak
Above the challenging cannon's rage and roar,
When Dewey swept defiant through the reek
Past stern Corregidor;

Nor stripe nor clustered star has ever shone
Save but for freedom, for the broader birth
Of liberty, — the dearer, clearer dawn
Of brotherhood on earth.

Wave, then, O banner! May thy mission be
To heal the grievous wounds, the woeful scars,
Triumphant over wrong and tyranny,
Belovèd Stripes and Stars!

ROMANTIC BALLADS



THE LAST DREAM OF ATTILA

From the wild Carpathian passes the wind of the
dusk blew down,
And the woven leaves of the oak trees, that seemed
as a crimson crown
For the crestward sweep of the mountains, were
tangled and tossed and swirled
Till they burned like a second sunset o'er the breadth
of the brooding world.

And the wind of the dusk made murmur round the
palace doors of the king,
All else held the seal of silence as tense as a muted
string,
For the monarch was sunk in slumber, and woe to
the reckless one
Who roused from his visions of conquest grim Attila
the Hun!

Then a voice cried out from a chamber where the
air hung heavy with musk,
Then a voice cried out through the stillness above
the wind of the dusk,
"Bring wine! bring wine!" and a beaker was brimmed
with the juice of the sun,
And borne by the maid Ildico to Attila the Hun.

She was his latest handmaid, supple, and fair of
face
As the bloom of the oleander seen in the vales of
Thrace;
She was his latest handmaid, and past the cedarn
doors,
Bolted with bronze, and over heaped rugs upon
earthen floors,
With the tread of the fawn of the forest, she bore the
beaker in
To the scourge of God's trembling nations sprawled
on a leopard skin.

Brow that bulked like a bastion above rolling eyes
half bleared;
Sinewy hands and hairy that clutched at a scrawny
beard;
Lips that were gross and flaccid, murmuring, mut-
tering;
Body of brawn relaxèd, such was this brute of a
king!
And he raised the swimming chalice, and he drained
it to the lees,
While the light of mirth and malice faded by slow
degrees
From his turbulent, tawny features as fades day's
dying gleam,
And he spake to the maid Ildico out of his drunken
dream.

“I was the one appointed to sear with sanguine scars;
I was the one anointed, and girt with the sword of
Mars.

I ranged, with my gory vanguards, from the Volga
to the Rhine,

And the rumor of my ravage shook the wall of
Constantine.

I was a tide of terror from the Black to the Baltic
Sea,

And the tramp of my hosts of triumph rocked the
plains of Lombardy.

Aquileia and Concordia I ground into ashes and
dust,

And the blood of the Paduan people in my wine-
press was as must;

But, howsoe'er he may vanquish, man's day will
have its close,

And the darkness gather about him, the night no
mortal knows.

I feel the clutch of its shadows about me coil and
creep,

The folds of a power supernal that shall wrap me
in endless sleep.

But out of the gloom there rises, like the sun in
the morning sky,

A king who shall come hereafter, one far greater
than I;

For where I spared he shall slaughter, and where
I saved he shall slay;

His deeds shall kindle the darkness; his doom shall
blacken the day;
But I shall share in his glory, his name shall be
linked with mine,
And go down through all the ages as a symbol and
a sign!"

Then the fair handmaid Ildico slipped out as she
slipped in,
Leaving the scourge of the nations sprawled on his
leopard skin
Where, stark in death, they found him when the
darkness had withdrawn,
And down from the mountain passes stole in the
wind of the dawn.
Then there wavered the sound of wailing far over
moor and weald,
And they bore the bulk of his body forth on a massy
shield;
And they shaped for his clay a casket of iron and
silver and gold,
And they set in his clenched fingers the sword of
Mars to hold;
And for sepulture they fashioned a grave that was
deep and wide,
Heaped with the sack of cities, of many a kingdom-
side;
And score upon score of captives they slew, lest
he alone

Fare into the outer vastness, into the great unknown!

And that was the end of horror, aye, that was the end of dread!

Yet we to-day remember the prophecy of the dead.
There are wings as the wings of vultures sweeping
athwart the sun,

And the world knows anew the menace of Attila
the Hun!

1916.

THE INN OF THE FIVE CHIMNEYS

*It had five chimneys, had that inn,
As every man has senses five,
The while he bides upon earth alive,
And Rumor said it was soiled with sin!*

The clapboards, warped and gray, showed stains
Of more than an hundred autumn rains;
No birds sang about the eaves,
Only the leaves, only the leaves,
Murmured in a minor weird,
As though they shrank, as though they feared, —
Feared some blind, inscrutable thing,
And ever they kept on murmuring.
Upon the window-panes the dust
Was lined and cracked like a wizened crust,
A grimy crust that none would touch
Unless he felt gaunt famine's clutch.
Mould made dank and dark each door,
And every lintel and every floor
With the drifting silt of the years was deep;
And shapes that crawl and writhe and creep
Traced strange arabesques over all.

*It had five chimneys, had that inn,
And Rumor said it was soiled with sin!*

Above, in the long, low dancing-hall,
You could hear the death-watch in the wall,
A sound that seemed to jibe and mock
Like the eerie tick of a ghostly clock.
In every corner and crevice hung
Spider-tapestries that clung
To the crumbling mortar, — grim festoons.
And the wraiths of ancient rigadoons
Floated faintly, as though unseen
Fiddlers fingered the chorded bow,
And maskers, antic of garb and mien,
Flitted in sinuous to and fro.

*It had five chimneys, had that inn,
And Rumor said it was soiled with sin!*

And every chamber, wide and bare,
Breathed on the dim and moated air
Spectral echoings, — doubts and fears,
Hates and loves of the parted years;
And every hallway and every stair
Creaked and groaned with the gruesome tread
Of steps long silent, of those long dead, —
Blithesome Youth, in its rainbow guise;
Wrinkled Age, with its shrunken eyes;
Honor, garbed in the mail of Trust;
Poverty, Riches and slinking Lust!
Oh, what a motley! — vanished quite
Into the vastnesses of night.

*It had five chimneys, had that inn,
And Rumor said it was soiled with sin!*

And so I left it standing still
And stark by the crossroads under the hill,
With its sagging roof and its rotting beams,
And all of its tangled maze of dreams.
But it holds me, yea, it haunts me yet,
Like a hooded vision of Regret,
Though I fain would say to it — “Be gone!” —
As to the night mists saith the dawn.
And so I needs must let it dwell
In memory, till some happy spell
Shall bid it be invisible!

Come, healing spirit, and touch my soul,
And make it sweet and sane and whole!

*It had five chimneys, had that inn,
As every man has senses five,
The while he bides upon earth alive,
And Rumor said it was soiled with sin!*

ONOTA THE WHITE DOE

In the wood of the Silver Beeches
Onota, the white doe,
Wandered the forest reaches
In the days of the long ago;
Browsed where the aisles were brackened
When the dusk or the dawning slackened,
As white as the eddying snow
That hides the crispèd grass
At the tide of Candlemas.

As supple she was and slender
As the arrowy hickory bole;
And she had for her defender
The love of the great All-Spirit
That over the earth and near it
Leans and broods and yearns
If the red day-planet burns,
Or night, with its shadowy stole,
Is a balm for the bruised soul.

As light of foot was she
As the milkweed-down that drifts
Over the meadow rifts
When the torch of the maple tree

Is a beacon among the firs, —
Is the autumn's beacon-fire, —
And the lonely cricket chirrs
Of the summer's spent desire.

And never she had for foeman
One of the bronzed bowmen
Ranging the forest trail;
Nay, for they ever deemed her
Shielded and sacred; dreamed her
Presence a happy omen
Of the life that shall never fail, —
A precious and pulsing part
Of the Almighty Heart.

Opal and rose and beryl
In the wood of the Silver Beeches
Was the season's varied flow,
And never a sign of peril
In all of the waving reaches
Menaced the milk-white doe.
Then (ah, the wanton woe!)
When the blooms hung as a garland
On the spires of the columbine,
There fared from out of a far land
O'er the barren wastes of the brine
One who was fain to bring
From his forest wandering,
As a star plucked out of the star-land,
Some trophy to his king.

And led by the feet of Fate, or
Led by the thread of chance,
He met with Wando the traitor, —
Wando, the redman traitor, —
(Evil hung on the hour!)
And he heard the woodland story
Like a strain of wild romance,
Till he thought of naught but the glory
Of slaying this forest flower.

When over the Silver Beeches
The moon was a golden targe,
They thriddled the silent reaches
To a wood-pool's reedy marge;
They crouched them long and low,
(Ah, but the wanton woe!)
Till out of the purple glooming,
Like a water lily blooming,
Stepped forth the milk-white doe.

.
A crimson stain on the grasses;
Reeds with a crimson dye,
And on the wind that passes
The thrill of a poignant cry, —
A cry as of mortal pain;
And never again, nay, never,
With wax of the year or wane,
Gather the days or sever,

Were seen those treacherous twain;
Never, nay, never again!

But still 'neath the Silver Beeches,
Fair and free and fain,
In matin or vesper glow,
(Thus say the men of the Faith)
Though it be ghost or wraith,
Fleet through the forest reaches
Wanders the milk-white doe.

MURIEL OF THE TOWER

“**LOVE**, the days are lone and long!
Love, the nights are long and lone!”
Thus in sob, and thus in song,
Muriel made her moan.

At her feet low crouched a hound
Lifting great eyes piteously,
And an ever eerie sound
Surged up from the sea.

Inland all the gorse was gold;
Inland hawthorn boughs were gay;
There was umber on the wold
When he rode away.

It was umber everywhere
At the tide of Candlemas,
Though 'twas Pentecostal air
But to see him pass.

“**Mistress**, in your arrased bower
There are dainties, there is wine!”
Nay — she tarried in the tower,
Sunshine or moonshine.

In the donjon tower she sate,
And the warder on the wall
Felt her presence like a fate.
Watching over all.

And the lilies in the moat,
Sooth, they were not lovelier
Than the rondure of her throat
And the brow of her!

Curlews flew against the sky
With their graceful winnowing,
Yet her never-closed eye
Caught no glint of wing.

“Mistress, you are weary; — rest!”
Plead her maids at even-glow;
Still she hung upon the crest
Where his spears would show, —

Saying, “Take it not amiss
That I guard 'gainst war's alarms.”
But she thought her of his kiss,
And his sheltering arms.

Came an eve with amber hung,
Fold upon resplendent fold,
When a sudden pennon flung
Rose against the gold.

And a trumpet's fall and swell
Pierced the castle's deepest ward,
Then the heart of Muriel
Was a smitten chord.

While the sea its ardors rang,
"Clang!" ope swung the castle keep,
And the patient hound upsprang
Clamorous out of sleep.

"Love, the days are lone and long;
Love, the nights are long and lone!"
Thus no more in sob and song
Muriel made her moan.

Nay, the hours all held their spell;
Some fresh charm filled every hour,
For the lady Muriel, —
Muriel of the tower.

BY THE TURRET STAIR

(A.D. 1400)

**Run, run, little page, tell your lady fair
That her lover waits by the turret stair,
That the stars are out, and the night wind blows
Up the garden path from the crimson rose!**

Run, run, little page!

**Haste, haste, little page, ere the round moon's rim
Peeps over the edge of the forest dim,
And the wolf-hound bays from his kennel deep,
And the warder peers from the castle keep!**

Haste, haste, little page!

**Soft, soft, little page, lest her sire may guess,
By her look of fear and of fond distress,
That he hides in the night by the turret stair
Who would steal from her bower the flower so fair!**

Soft, soft, little page!

**List, list, little page! Did the night-jar cry,
Or was it the low wind murmuring by?
And was there the sound of a faint footfall
Far away in the depths of the vaulted hall?**

List, list, little page!

See, see, little page, who, clad in white,
Steals out of the door in the shadowy light!
Is't an angel? aye, 'tis my lady fair,
And she speeds to her love down the turret stair!
See, see, little page!

Farewell, little page, for away, away,
Through the gloom of night to the bloom of day,
My lady sweet and I must fare
Till we reach the foot of *my* turret stair!
Farewell, little page!

GUIRAUT THE TROUBADOUR

*Unto man, as in pain he plods,
Or, heart-light, hurries along,
The dearest gift of the gods
Is the love of love and song!*

Unto the walls of Carcassonne
(Ah, how the sun that morning shone
Upon the walls of Carcassonne!)
In russet raimentry he came
Within whose heart love, like a flame,
Burned ever passionate and pure,
The while he breathed one flower-sweet name,
Guiraut, the gallant troubadour.

Unto the gate of Carcassonne
(Ah, how his blithe lips smiled upon
The warded gate of Carcassonne!)
As light of foot as Love he strode;
The budding blossoms by the road
Bloomed sudden, with his song for lure,
And softlier the river flowed
Before Guiraut, the troubadour.

Along the streets of Carcassonne
(Ah, what a harmony fell on
The climbing streets of Carcassonne!)
 He swiftly took his singing way;
 The little children ceased their play;
Woe seemed more easy to endure;
 Gay grew the sad, and young the gray,
To hear Guiraut, the troubadour.

Unto a keep in Carcassonne
(No sweeter voice e'er drifted on
That frowning keep in Carcassonne!)
 Anon the singer drew anigh,
 Whereout there floated melody, —
Song that is biting sorrow's cure, —
 Then something god-like lit the eye
Of brave Guiraut, the troubadour.

Into a hall in Carcassonne
(Forsooth, hall never brighter shone
Than that in all of Carcassonne!)
 He made him bold to enter; there
 Were men and maidens debonair,
And one so peerless and so pure
 She flowered more fair than all the fair
To glad Guiraut, the troubadour.

Before that maid in Carcassonne
(Ah, never, never lovelier shone
A maiden's eyes in Carcassonne!)

He bared his head, and bowed him low;
"Lady, the wilding winds that blow
Brought me this wondrous word for lure, —
To-day, to-day they bade me know
You choose your heart's own troubadour."

Then rose a song in Carcassonne
(Now rose-flushed and now snowy-wan
The loveliest cheek in Carcassonne!)
Most marvellous, most magical;
It caught her breathless in its thrall;
And ah, how empty and how poor
All others seemed, — lord's, prince's, all
Save his, Guiraut, the troubadour!

Two lovers bide in Carcassonne
(Ah, happy sun, to shine upon
Such happiness in Carcassonne!)
And while they dream through life along,
No woe they know, nor any wrong,
The maid so peerless and so pure,
And he who won her love through song,
Guiraut, the gallant troubadour.

A BALLAD OF HALLOWMASS

It happed at the time of Hallowmass, when the dead
may walk abroad,
That the wraith of Ralph of the Peaceful Heart went
forth from the courts of God,
Went forth from the paradisal ways, from the paths of
asphodel,
From the vistas veiled in a golden haze where the
souls of the sainted dwell;
And as he passed he heard the peal of the summoning
trumpet blown,
And he saw the cloud of witnesses go wavering by to
the throne;
And earthward swift on a tide of joy and love he
seemed to swim,
For he thought of the hour when his stalwart sons
should go to the throne with him;
When they should stand on his either hand who had
been his pride on earth,
And know in the sight of the Living Light the bliss of
a second birth.

And so to the land he had called his own, to the realm
he had ruled, he came,
Where, under the spell of his gracious sway, grim war
had been but a name,

Where the herds had strayed on the happy hills, and
traffic roared in the mart,
Where life had lost its cankering ills, for peace had
flowered in the heart.
But lo, as he looked on the harvest fields, on the ways
of the wide-wheeled wain,
He saw wild masses of marching men sweep over the
pillaged plain!
He saw no flocks on the great green slopes, no kine in
barn or byre,
But the sheltering thatch of the farmstead roof licked
up by the tongues of fire;
And the women's groans and the children's moans
surged by him like a wave,
And the cloudy reek of plundered towns where none
was left to save.

Then on he pressed to the seat of power in the crook
of a broad sea-bay,
Where, under the frown of the bastioned walls, the
lines of a leaguer lay;
In he went to the tallest tent, and sat unseen at the
board,
Where the fierce chiefs plotted the city's sack, each
chief with his barèd sword;
He who sat at the council's head was the leaguer's
grimmost one,
And the dead king looked in his fiery eyes, and knew
the man for his son.

So forth he went from the tallest tent, by the leaguer's
outmost guard,
Till he came to the moat and the mighty keep and
the archway triple-barred;
Not a warder's eye, as he slipped by, beheld the
wraith of the king,
And scarce, as he sped toward the castle gate, did he
meet with a living thing,
For Famine into the weedy streets had come as a
grisly guest,
And down from the pallid window-panes there peered
the face of the Pest.
He glided into the castle court, and on to the banquet-
hall,
Wherefrom there echoed a mirthful rouse in iterant
rise and fall;
He looked within for a little space, then shrank him
back from the door,
For he saw the face of his other son, and a painted
paramour.

It happed at the time of Hallowmass, when the dead
may walk abroad,
That the wraith of Ralph of the Peaceful Heart went
back to the courts of God;
And a bitterer anguish than was his few noble souls
have known
As he saw the cloud of witnesses go wavering down
from the throne.

He passed to the high and holy place, and straight to
the feet of Him
About whom stand, in a shining band, the saints and
the seraphim;
"I pray," he said, "that my soul may tread the dark
of the outer way,
That those I love may be borne above to the light of
the Living Day;
Send Thou my soul to the utmost goal of night to
dwell therein
That they thereby may be raised on high from the
awful pits of sin!"

But the Presence spake. "Remorse shall wake be-
cause of these words of thine
Within the breasts of the recreant ones ere another
day decline;
And they shall win from the ways of sin, ere the span
of their lives be through,
Because of the love of a father's heart, and the deed
that thou wouldst do!"
And so from the time of Hallowmass, when the dead
may walk abroad,
The soul of Ralph of the Peaceful Heart abode in the
courts of God.

THE BLUE ARRAS

'Twas the night of a bitter frost
In the vale of Bishop's Praise,
And the face of the moon was lost
In the gray of a spectral haze.

The voice of the wind was whist
Where the Hall hung over the lake,
But the logs on the fire-dogs hissed
Like a serpent roused in a brake.

Rich were the walls of the room
With the trophies of wealth and fame,
But the Bishop cowered in the gloom
Back from the searching flame.

Never an eye he cast
On all that the years had won,
But he shrank from the sight, aghast
At a deed that was like to be done.

Though it stung his touch like a thorn,
At a tiny script clutched he
That read — "Come thou at the morn,
Or I die on the gallows-tree!"

And the sign that was set thereto
Was his only brother's sign.
The sputtering flame burned blue,
And the wolf-hound gave a whine,

But still did the Bishop brood,
As the moments sped amain,
And his o'erwrought outer mood
Showed the battle within his brain.

"Tarry!" the Tempter cried;
"Why save what has little worth?
'Twere better that such should bide
Under six warm feet of earth!

"When rancor and strife are rife,
Forsooth, 'twere a foolish thing
To rescue the worthless life
Of a rebel against the King!

"His leagues of land shall be thine
From the plain to the eagle perch,
And brighter thy name shall shine
On the brow of the Mother Church!"

Then, born of an old desire,
The Bishop saw, as he sat,
Take form in the core of the fire
The red of a cardinal's hat.

So he said to his soul — “’Tis done!”
And it seemed, for a breathing space,
That the Tempter’s words had won
By the look on the Bishop’s face.

But sudden the flame shot up
Till it set the room ashine
Like the bowl of a crystal cup
Aflood with the gold of wine.

And the hangings, one and all,
The marvel of Artois skill,
Wavered upon the wall
Like boughs when the wind hath will.

Wrought on a blue as bland
As the softest sky of spring,
At the Bishop’s own command,
There was many a sacred thing

All of the saints most fair
Who had fought for the faith and bled,
From Jesus, the Christ, were there,
With a halo about the head.

And lo, as the Bishop gazed,
With the firelight still at flood,
Each raptured face grew hazed
With a blurring mist of blood!

But every eye was clear,
And burned like a living coal,
And the wrathful rays pierced sheer
To the depths of the Bishop's soul;

While the red lips seemed to frame
A word that stabbed like a blade,
For he thought it the hated name
Of him who the Christ betrayed.

Froze in his throat the prayer
So glib on his tongue before,
And down from his carven chair
Slipped the Bishop upon the floor;

Groveled, abashed, abased,
Shorn of each shred of pride,
And he lay there, craven-faced,
Till the glowing firelight died.

But when, with their clear "God-speed,"
Rang the bells to the day new-born,
Astride of his swiftest steed
Rode the Bishop to meet the morn.

THE MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN

*By Arabian tomes we are told
He was just as a ruler and man,
The Caliph of Cairo the old,
The Sultan Hassan.*

One day did he hear of the fame
Of a builder, and straightway he said, —
“I will mould me a mosque that my name
May outlive me, when dead!”

So he summoned this man to his throne,
And issued his royal decree; —
“Shape thou me a temple of stone
For the years that shall be!

“Uprear me a wonderful shrine
Where the Faithful of Allah may bow,
And glorious meed shall be thine,
Here record I the vow!”

Then the heart of the builder was light
As was ever the heart of a man;
And he toiled through the gloom of the night,
And he wrought him a plan, —

A plan of a mosque that should bind
His name with the name of his lord.
So the slaves brought the marble they mined,
And they worked in accord,

Till the mosque as by magic upsprang
In its symmetry flawless and grand,
And the praise of its loveliness rang
Through the length of the land.

But the name of the builder was cried
Till the Caliph grew wroth at the sound;
“Am I naught?” he would mutter in pride,
“Am I less than a hound,

“And this chiefest of upstarts so great
He eclipses the light of my throne?”
Thus the seeds of a pitiless hate
In his bosom were sown.

Now the mosque was complete. Without peer
Was the portal, majestic and tall;
The minarets tapering sheer
From the sweep of the wall.

“Call the builder!” said Sultan Hassan.
They ran at the word of their lord;
“My servant,” he thought, as they ran,
“Shall now reap his reward.”

At the steps of the throne knelt the one
Who had served like a slave at the soil;
Said the Caliph, "Thy task-work is done,
Here is meed for thy toil!

"Stretch thy hands! I would pay thee full well!"
The builder obeyed, in his trust;
Then a scimitar flashed, and they fell
Reeking red in the dust.

"No more," said the Caliph revered,
"I would have thee to build; I decree
It is honor enough, by my beard,
To have builded for me!"

*By Arabian tomes we are told
He was just as a ruler and man,
The Caliph of Cairo the old,
The Sultan Hassan.*

BALLAD OF ACHMED PASHA

*He thought him wise, — Achmed Pasha, —
And he merrily laughed — “ha! ha! ha! ha!”*

Achmed Pasha was a doughty man,
The ruler of every class and clan
Where sparkling Barada rippled and ran, —
Barada, called by the Greeks of old
Chrysorroas, the stream of gold.
And he swore one night on the steps that led
To the tomb of Saladin — valiant dead! —
“By the Prophet’s beard,” was the oath he made,
“Ere the closing day of the Ramadan
Shall the cursèd Christian dogs be flayed!”

Then through the streets from gate to gate
Crept, like a venomous snake, the word;
And when the ears of the rabble heard,
There was sound of the sharpening scimitar
Under the sun and under the star;
Arab, Turkoman, Druse and Kurd,
How they looked alert and laughed elate
A hungry laugh, — “ha! ha! ha! ha! —”
Oh, a wily man was Achmed Pasha!

The citron bloom, like the foam of the sea,
Tossed in the south wind snowily,
And he whispered, sunk in his deep divan,
"This very night shall the flaying be!"
While through a myriad tones and tints, —
Prismy glammers and rainbow glints, —
Without the fount in the courtyard ran.

From alley dim and from portal black,
From sinuous lane and from *cul-de-sac*,
Unmasked Murder stole, and the night,
As far as Lebanon's purple height,
Heard the tumult that grew and grew
As the frenzied Moslems sacked and slew.
And when the sanguine torch of dawn
Out of the east o'er the desert shone,
Damascus streets showed a deeper dye
Than that which gleamed in the morning sky;
And down from his casement-sill — "*hal hal*
The dogs are flayed!" laughed Achmed Pasha.

Then over the crest of Lebanon,
And the sapphire waves of the inland main,
Did an awful rumor rise and run
Of thousands, aye, upon thousands slain
To the lilt of a laugh! Did he dream (*hal hal*)
Of what he had roused, Achmed Pasha?
Ye may cuff the cur, ye may scorn and spurn,
But there comes a day when the dog will turn!

So there gathered a fleet that into the east
Sailed and sailed till the Syrian line
Of serried mountain peaks increased,
The palm up-climbing to meet the pine.
Then rank upon rank of shimmering steel
Swept the passes of Lebanon,
And down on the city dazed with sun
And slaughter the vengeful legion bore,
Nor paused in their onward swing and wheel
Till they grounded arms at the palace door
Where the Pasha cowered and shivered. Aha,
What a sorry sight was Achmed Pasha!

They reared them a gallows stanch and high
Beneath the cope of the Syrian sky;
And they haled him forth from his soft divan,
This wise (or was he a foolish) man!
And that he might have some scope for glee
They gathered a little company
Of his boon companions, — two or three;
And then at a sign, — “*ha! ha! ha! ha!*”
They made an end of Achmed Pasha.

The tale has a moral I'd fain attest, —
A saying as fair as the goodliest, —
That the man who laughs the last laughs best.

BALLAD OF THE EVE OF YULE

It was hard on the tide of Yule,
And the wind bit shrewd and sharp,
Churning the river pool,
 And turning the deep-wood boughs,
 That were wont to droop and drowse,
To the moaning strings of a harp.

A snow-threat gloomed the sky,
And with iterant, raucous caw
A bevy of rooks went by,
 Each a seeming thing
 Of evil, ominous wing
Flapping adown the flaw.

Then night fell over the fen,
And he mused, still stumbling on,
"Out of the world of men
 Into the shades I go!"
And he grimly laughed, when lo,
A light on his pathway shone!

"Mine enemy's tower!" he said,
As the beacon beckoned him. "Well,
Succor were likely as bread

To be had from a shard or stone,
Or meat from a wolf-gnawed bone,
Or hope in the heart of hell!"

Yet he steered him sheer on the flare,
With a "Here or there, 'tis one!
A corpse in the morning air,
Frozen as rigid as steel,
Or a form on gibbet or wheel, —
What matters it how 'tis done!"

He clanged a summons clear,
Keeping his grip on hate;
And he wavered not to hear
A word from a tongue abhorred, —
Then back swung the outer ward,
And his enemy stood in the gate.

Eyes upon burning eyes
Hung, as when war-fires rule
Under the angry skies;
Then, ere the wrath-flame died,
"Welcome," his enemy cried,
"For this is the eve of Yule!"

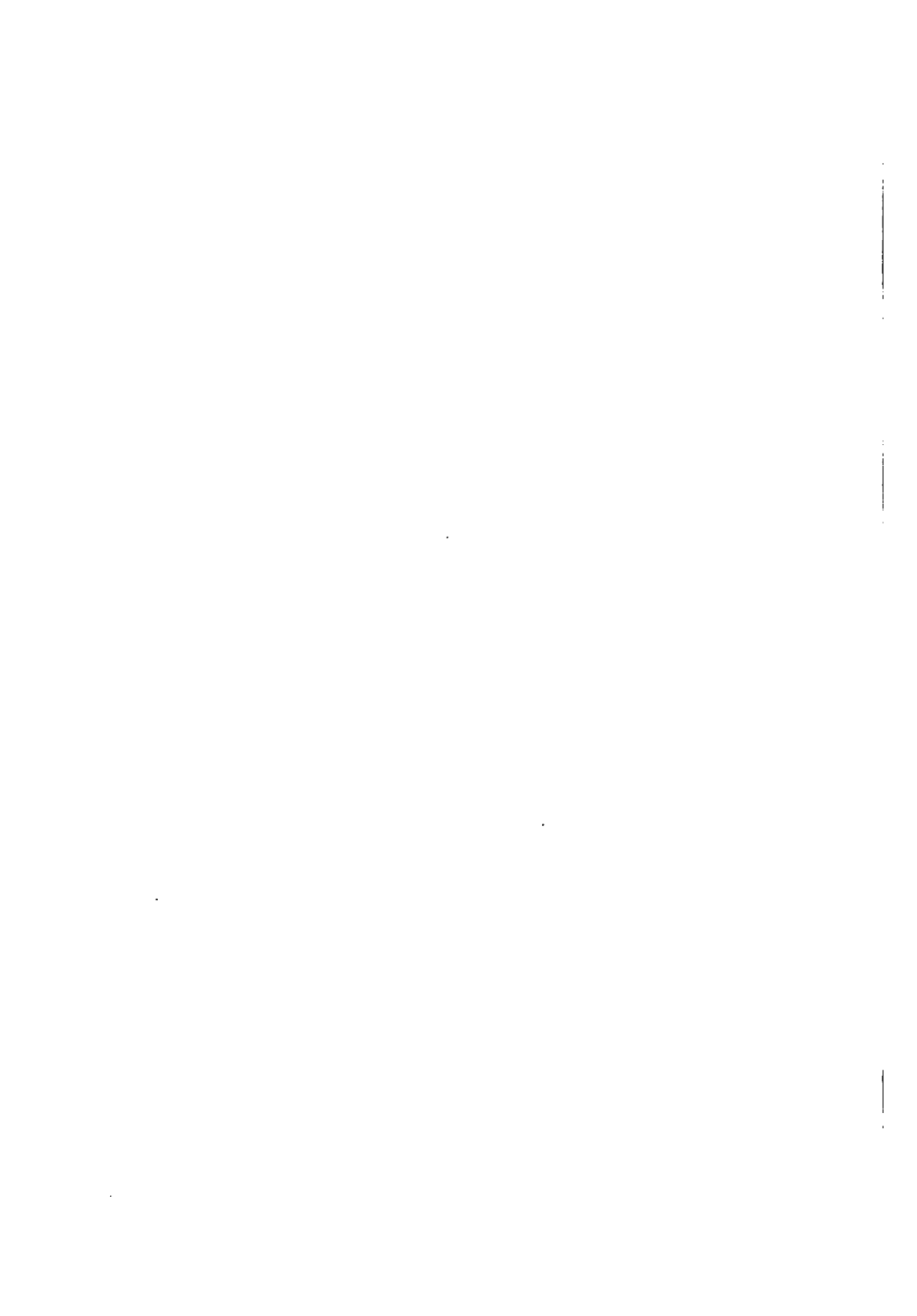
Into the banquet-hall
He was bid as a chosen guest;
And there before them all
Did his enemy give him meat,
And bread of the finest wheat,
And golden wine of the best.

Then he was brought to a room
Where rugs were soft on the floor,
And a fire made fair the gloom;
And, warned with a stern behest
Of the sacred rights of a guest,
A guard was set at the door.

Through the black night-watches long
Did he wait on sleep, but when
Came the peal of the matin-song
No slumber had kissed his brow;
So he girded himself, for now
The sunlight lay on the fen.

Then once more did his foe
Proffer him drink and food;
Forth to the court below
Did his enemy lead the way,
Where, as one for a fray,
Chafing, a charger stood.

“Hate! — it is burned into shame;
Scorn! — of myself is the scorn;
Blame! — I confess to the blame;
Vengeance is thine!” he said,
And, with averted head,
He rode out into the morn.



THE LURE OF THE ORIENT



ALLAH IL ALLAH

I CAN remember the morn upon Aya Sofia's dome,
The magical sheen of the morn, —

Allah il Allah!

Azure and rose and gold, and white like the flower of
the foam,

Over the Golden Horn;

Allah il Allah!

I can remember the noon o'er the Minaret of the
Bride,

The shimmering swoon of the noon, —

Allah il Allah!

And the scent of the orange groves, and the sparkle of
Barada's tide,

And the nightingale's rapturous croon;

Allah il Allah!

I can remember the eve o'er the crumbling tombs of
the kings,

The tremulous shades of the eve, —

Allah il Allah!

And the waving of palms by the Nile like the stir of
mysterious wings,

And the rushes that murmur and grieve,

Allah il Allah!

I can remember the night o'er the wastes of the desert
afar,

The violet vasts of the night, —

Allah il Allah!

And the rhythmical breath of the sands, and the
pilgrims who steer by the star,

And the moon at its silvery height,

Allah il Allah!

I can remember the call, the call of the Faithful to
prayer,

The quavering, wavering call, —

Allah il Allah!

And the heart of an exile goes out, and I long, oh, to
be there!

I am bond; I am gyved; I am thrall

Allah il Allah!

Yes, the spirit harks back to its own, will follow the
lure to the end,

The capturing, rapturing hope, —

Allah il Allah!

Till the dusk, inescapable, fall, and the ultimate dark-
ness descend,

And the portals of Paradise ope,

Allah il Allah!

OUT OF BABYLON

As I stole out of Babylon beyond the stolid warders,
(My soul that dwelt in Babylon long, long ago!)
The sound of cymbals and of lutes, of viols and re-
corders,
Came up from khan and caravan, loud and low.

As I crept out of Babylon, the clangor and the
babel,
The strife of life, the haggling in the square and
mart,
Of the men who went in saffron and the men who
went in sable,
It tore me and it wore me, yea, it wore my heart.

As I fled out of Babylon, the cubits of the towers
They seemed in very mockery to bar my way;
The incense of the altars, and the hanging-garden
flowers,
They lured me with their glamour, but I would not
stay.

We still flee out of Babylon, its vending and its
vying,
Its crying up to Mammon, its bowing to Baal;

We still flee out of Babylon, its sobbing and its sigh-
ing,
Where the strong grow ever stronger, and the weary
fail!

We still flee out of Babylon, the feverish, the fretful,
That saps the sweetness of the soul and leaves but a
rind;
We still flee out of Babylon, and fain would be forget-
ful
Of all within that thrall of wall threatening behind!

Oh, Babylon, oh, Babylon, your toiling and your
teeming,
Your canyons and your wonder-wealth, — not for
such as we!
We who have fled from Babylon contented are with
dreaming, —
Dreaming of earth's loveliness, happy to be free!

A DESERT SONG

*Strange was his garb, just a thing of tatters;
Strange was his lute, with its rude, rough strings;
Strange was his voice, but, forsooth, what matters
If the minstrel touches the heart when he sings!
And while over us, like a cresset, hung
The star of love, thus the minstrel sung.*

Love, you come as the swallows
Out of the far away,
Out of the dream-dim hollows
Beyond the night and the day.

Like a lotus flower your face is,
Bright as the moon is bright,
And you make the desert places
A vision of lost delight!

Your blushes are filched from under
The skin of the pomegranate;
Your eyes are like wells of wonder;
Your lips bear the words of fate!

You banish brooding and sorrow,
And the djinns of black despair,

And we fain would forget to-morrow
In the shadow of your hair.

*He ceased, and we heard the camels moaning,
And the jackals bark, as the night grew long;
And then to the desert wind's intoning
We slept, and dreamed of the minstrel's song!*

AL MAMOUN

BAGDAD'S palms looked tall in the tide
Of Tigris, tawny and swift and wide;
Bagdad's minarets gleamed and glowed
In the sun that burned in its blue abode;
Bagdad's life made rumble and jar
In booth and highway and bright bazaar;
Bagdad's monarch lolled in the dusk
Of the citron shade, 'mid the scent of musk,
While around him sat the makers of rhyme,
Come from many a distant clime,
For song by him was held as a boon,

Al Mamoun,

The son of the great Haroun!

From lands of cold and lands of the sun
He hearkened the poets, one by one,
Giving a portion of praise to each,
And a guerdon of gold with his pearls of speech;
Spreading a luscious banquet there
In the languid, richly-perfumed air;
Plucking from Luxury's laden stem
The royal wealth of its fruit for them;
Bidding the soul of the grape be brought
To kindle the fancy to happy thought;
Speeding the amber afternoon,

Al Mamoun,

The son of the great Haroun!

And on through the starlit purple hours
The sound of song was heard in the bowers;
The zither and lute would blend and blur
And tangle with notes of the dulcimer;
And above and over and through it all
Would soar and swell, or would fail and fall,
With the dreamful lull of the dying word,
An ecstasy voiced from the throat of a bird.
So, leashed by the love of song, would he,
Praising the poets and poesy,
Linger till night had neared its noon,

Al Mamoun,

The son of the great Haroun!

With crumbling mosque and with toppling tomb
Have vanished Bagdad's beauty and bloom,
While a far, faint breath on the lips of fame
Is all we know of the monarch's name.
But rather to him than his mightier sire
O'er gulfs of time shall the song aspire,
For song to the lover of song is due,
Though centuries darken with rust, and strew
With mosses the marble above his head;
And so, in the land of the happy dead,
May song still stir with its blissful boon

Al Mamoun,

The son of the great Haroun!

THERE WAS AN ARCH AT BANIAS

THERE was an arch at Banias,
A gateway builded royally,
Whereon was graved for man to see, —
For every traveler that might pass, —
O'er all beneath the wheeling sun
There rules supreme one Allah, — one!

Crumbled that arch at Banias,
No more than shard or shattered stone
Round which the mountain winds make moan;
Yet still, howe'er the ages pass,
O'er all beneath the wheeling sun
There rules supreme one Allah, — one!

THE TOMB OF BIZZOS

(SYRIA)

O'ER Bizzos, son of Pardos, when he died,
A skillful builder reared a noble tomb,
Toiling until it marked the very bloom
Of his rich art, — a work that has defied
For years unnumbered time's relentless tide.
Its rare perfection lifts the pall of gloom
From death, and we forget the pallid plume
On dome and door, the unknown sculptor's pride.

Bizzos, the son of Pardos! — worthy man, —
So the inscription o'er the portal shows;
And yet, — and yet, — ah, curious irony
That he, and not the marvellous artisan
Whose genius through each line of marble glows,
Should have achieved to immortality!

A SYRIAN MEMORY

Do you recall that night at Kerf Hawar,
The still air fragrant with some soft perfume,
And the refulgent glory of one star
High in the sky above old Nimrod's tomb?

The gushing stream by which we loved to rove,
The slowly-rising moon's enamored tale,
And in the quiet of the poplar grove
The tuneful passion of the nightingale?

The wastes wide-reaching where the jackals cried,
And phantom figures seemed to come and go,
And o'er us, like a monarch in his pride,
Majestic Hermon with its crown of snow?

The slender maiden of mysterious guise,
The beauteous one who bore the water-jar,
And all the orient witchery of her eyes, —
Do you recall that night at Kerf Hawar?

MOONLIGHT IN THE DESERT

We saw the moon ascend the skies
As though to music chorded deep, —
Sweet, super-earthly harmonies
Swept through the great, calm halls of Sleep.

Then in ethereal equipoise
It seemed to hang, a bubble blown
Of tenuous gold, as pure as joy's
First ecstasy in Eden known.

And lo, a miracle! for all
That arid waste, compact of gloom,
And unto desolation thrall,
Was as a garden girt with bloom.

Topaz and veined amethyst
The paths that wended up and down;
And in a veil of violet mist
The distances appeared to drown.

Despite we knew that dawn would show
But hideous sand-blight to our eyes,
So strong the spell it was as though
We stood in Allah's paradise.

IN THE GRAND BAZAAR

In the Grand Bazaar of the Damascenes,
With its violet lights and purple sheens,
And sifting in from the outer air
The shimmer of amber here and there,
You may touch through sight and sound and scent
The very heart of the Orient!
Come, then, comrade, and let us drift
With the human tides that part and shift
And surge and jostle, and taste the thrill
Of life that smacks of the desert still,
And keeps some glimmering ghost of the state
Of the glamoured days of the Caliphate!

Haughty of mien and rich of dress,
Saunter the Lords of the Wilderness —
(Mark the pride of Bassan Beni,
Sheik of a wide oasis he) —
With their camel's-hair head-ropes bound with gold
Over silvery kerchiefs fold on fold!
Sellers of sherbet and sellers of sweets,
Venders of spices and milk and meats,
Water-bearers, with cheery chants,
Droning dervishes, mendicants, —
Such is the mesh that the motley means
In the Grand Bazaar of the Damascenes!

And when the chaffer and din are done,
And the sun dips down behind Lebanon,
And the last of the pilgrim feet has trod
Through Bawabet Ullah, the Gates of God,
And there's never a sign of a veiled face,
Nor a proud Pasha (by Allah's grace!)
Then what a pageant from Timur down
Passes this pathway of old renown, —
Spirits out-stolen from Paradise
To wander awhile in their earthly guise,
While night, with her spangled mantle, leans
O'er the Grand Bazaar of the Damascenes!

A NILE NIGHT

THE wind has died; to-day we sail no more
O'er river reaches widening bright or wan;
Languid we lie beside the reedy shore,
And night draws darkly on.

In no wise strange or pagan would it seem
To Pasht or Isis now to bend the knee,
There broods about us, in day's paling beam,
Such vast antiquity.

Yonder a sacred ibis, grave as faith,
Stands like a statue by the river brink;
And mark! is that a Libyan lion's wraith
Come to the stream to drink?

A wandering minstrel pipes a plaintive strain,
Then slowly, sadly lets the music swoon;
While, like a lovely lotus, once again
Flowers the Egyptian moon.

And so to rest, and visions weirdly clear
Of priests, of kings, of gods with hoof and horn,
To rouse at last from dreams wherein we hear
Great Memnon greet the morn!

STARS OVER EGYPT

WE are the orbs eternal
Lighting the outer void,
Blossoms forever vernal,
Aster and asteroid;
Isis and Osiris
And Ammon, what are they?
They are as marsh fire is;
We are for aye and a day!

The Serapeum solemn,
The Sphinx with brooding lid,
Capital and column,
Pylon and pyramid,
Memnon's silenced singing
Under the dawning ray, —
They are as swallows winging;
We are for aye and a day!

When ne'er a pharos flaming
Brightens the whelmèd earth,
When man shall have done with naming
The creatures of mortal birth,
When all the creeds have crumbled
As crumbles the potter's clay,
We shall abide unhumbled;
We are for aye and a day!

FLOWING WATERS

WATERS flowing under the magic moonlight,
You bring back from out of the past's dim vistas,
Out of starry vasts and of purple spaces
Memories golden!

I can see the rills of the Pharpar gliding
Over sands that glow with the glint of amber,
Over pebbles hued like the chrysoberyl,
Agate and opal!

I can catch the scent of the rose and jasmine,
Catch the drowsy drift of the burning poppies,
Where the gardens (almond, citron, pomegranate)
Girdle Damascus!

I can hear the immemorial burden
Falling as it fell from the lips of Atys, —
The ecstatic, rapturous, passion-laden
Voice of the bulbul!

Flow, then, waters, under the magic moonlight!
Bear me out through night and its purple spaces,
Flood my sense and soul till they overflow with
Memories golden!

THE MISER

By night he sits and gloats upon his hoard,
The treasures of far lands; fine fabrics spun
On looms beneath an oriental sun;
Rugs whereupon proud viziers have adored
At the muezzin-call; strange trinkets scored
With delicate fret-work; dazzling diamonds won
Where Afric's wastes stretch desolate and dun;
And perfect pearls profuse before him poured.

A golden glamour on the sumptuous sight
The lamplight casts, and the old miser's eyes
Tell how his soul is slave beneath the spell.
He does not dream, as half reclined he lies,
That just behind him stands, with falchion bright,
The summoning death-angel, Azrael.

SYRIAN LOVE SONG

By Barada the citron now
 Displays its cloud of bloom;
By Barada the almond bough
 Is like a lovely loom;
And with a tide of gold unrolled
 The meadows sweep and swell;
By Barada, by Barada,
 Behold the asphodel!

By Barada pomegranate fires
 With hues of sunset vie;
By Barada the lilt of lyres
 Upon the wind goes by;
And in the vale the nightingale
 Lifts its immortal tune,
By Barada, by Barada,
 Beneath the sun and moon!

By Barada from crest to crest
 Red gleams the cinnabar;
By Barada on night's blue breast
 Warm glows the passion-star;
Afar the teeming strife of life,
 A flood forgotten, flows;
By Barada, by Barada,
 Flowers love's eternal rose!

AT SAMARIA

WE climbed the hill wherefrom Samaria's crown
In marble majesty once looked away
Toward Hermon, white beneath the Syrian day;
And lo, no vestige of the old renown,
Save a long colonnade, bescarred and brown,
Remained to tell of Herod's regal sway, —
The gold, the gauds, the imperial display,
He heaped on Judah's erewhile princely town.

Ruin was riotous; decay was king;
An olive root engripped the topmost stone
As though it clutched and crushed the thing
called fame;
Seemed as a fragile wind-flower petal, blown
Into the void, the past's vain glorying,
And Herod but the shadow of a name!

THE WINDS OF LEBANON

The winds blow out of Lebanon adown the slopes and
valleys,

The golden winds of Lebanon, the blue day long;
And over olden Lebanon above the cedar alleys

The mighty sun goes marching to the echo of their
song!

The winds blow out of Lebanon from vine and myrtle
closes,

The silver winds of Lebanon, the blue night long;
They bear the scent of cinnamon, they bear the scent
of roses,

And the host of stars goes marching to the echo
of their song!

The winds blow out of Lebanon with ne'er a sound
of chiding,

The wooing winds of Lebanon, the whole year long;
The winds blow out of Lebanon, where love has its
abiding,

And my heart is ever marching to the echo of
their song!

A DESERT VISION

I RODE the desert spaces
That billowed vast and wide,
And immemorial faces
Came down the twilight-tide;
I crouched the blue night under, —
The planet-sown abyss, —
Held by the haunting wonder
Of great Semiramis.

All others failed and faded,
But she shone as of old,
Her purple hair thick-braided
With dull Assyrian gold;
Her robes had woven glories
Diaphanous but bright;
Her red lips hinted stories
Of manifold delight.

Her deep eyes kept repeating
Runes whereof love was theme;
Her round arms reached entreating
To ecstasies of dream;
Then burst the moon in flower,
The vision slipped away,
But I had for an hour
Been king in Nineveh!

TYRIAN DYES

TYRE's ruined walls are but as shards or sand;
Fallen the soaring tower, the stately fane,
And yet through all the lovely autumn land
The Tyrian dyes remain.

So, seeing how the aster-purples gleam,
And the wild sunflower flaunts its golden fire,
Transported on the magic wings of dream,
The mind goes back to Tyre;

Back to the bales high-heaped upon the quays,
Rich-colored fabrics for the far-off shores;
Back to the deep, full-freighted argosies,
With their tall banks of oars;

Back to the looms, and to the maids and men
Who wrought thereon for the wide world's desire;
Back to the splendor so long vanished when
Hiram was king of Tyre!

From the watch-tower upon the parapet
No warder calls now at the midnight's wane,
For all is dearth and desolation, yet
The Tyrian dyes remain.

OFF CHIOS

CLEAVING the sea-drift through the star-lit night,
We left the barren Patmian isle behind,
And veering northward, with a favoring wind,
Lay anigh Chios at the dawn of light.
The shore, the tree-set slopes, the rugged height,
Clear in the morning's roseate air outlined, —
This was his birthplace who, albeit blind,
Saw tall Troy's fall, and sang the tragic sight.

Resting within the roadstead while the day
Grew into gradual glory, on the ear
Continuous broke the surge-song of the brine;
And as we marked it rise, or die away
To rise again, it seemed that we could hear
The swell and sweep of Homer's mighty line!

A PRAYER CARPET

I KNOW not when in Daghestan
He lived, the skillful artisan
Who wove, in some mysterious way,
This fabric where the colors play
Across the woof in rainbow chase,
Or meet and link and interlace.

Nor do I know what suppliant knees
Once pressed these yielding symmetries,
The while the turbaned brow was turned
Toward Mecca, and the soul that yearned,
Borne by the rapt muezzin cry,
Soared, bird-like, up the tranquil sky.

But this I know, — foot ne'er shall press
Its worship-hallowed loveliness,
For still about it dumbly clings
A subtle sense of holy things,
And woven in the meshes there
Are strands of vow and shreds of prayer.

With kindling morning beams the sun
Its blended beauty shines upon;
The mosque domes catch the rays, and lo,
In loitering lines the camels go!

A fountain flings a prisms jet;
A palm-tree cuts a silhouette.

But when night lids the eye of day,
And sunset glories fade away,
My fancy shapes a fervent man
From shadows on the Daghestan.
Thus, in its compass small, I see
The Orient in epitome!

THE WHISPER OF THE SANDS

NIGHT, and the golden glory of the moon
Above the undulant sweep of desert lands,
And borne o'er dusky dale and shimmering dune
The whisper of the sands!

Faint as the faintest ripple on the shore
Of Nile that holds its enigmatic spell;
Faint as the dawn-wind where tall palm-trees soar,
Or murmur in a shell!

Faint and inscrutable, freighted with the breath
Of ages that have long, long ceased to be;
Weighted with mysteries of birth and death,
Time and eternity!

And so I linger till the night grows old
And the rose-blossom of the morn expands,
And hear these ceaseless marvels manifold, —
The whisper of the sands!

FLOWERS

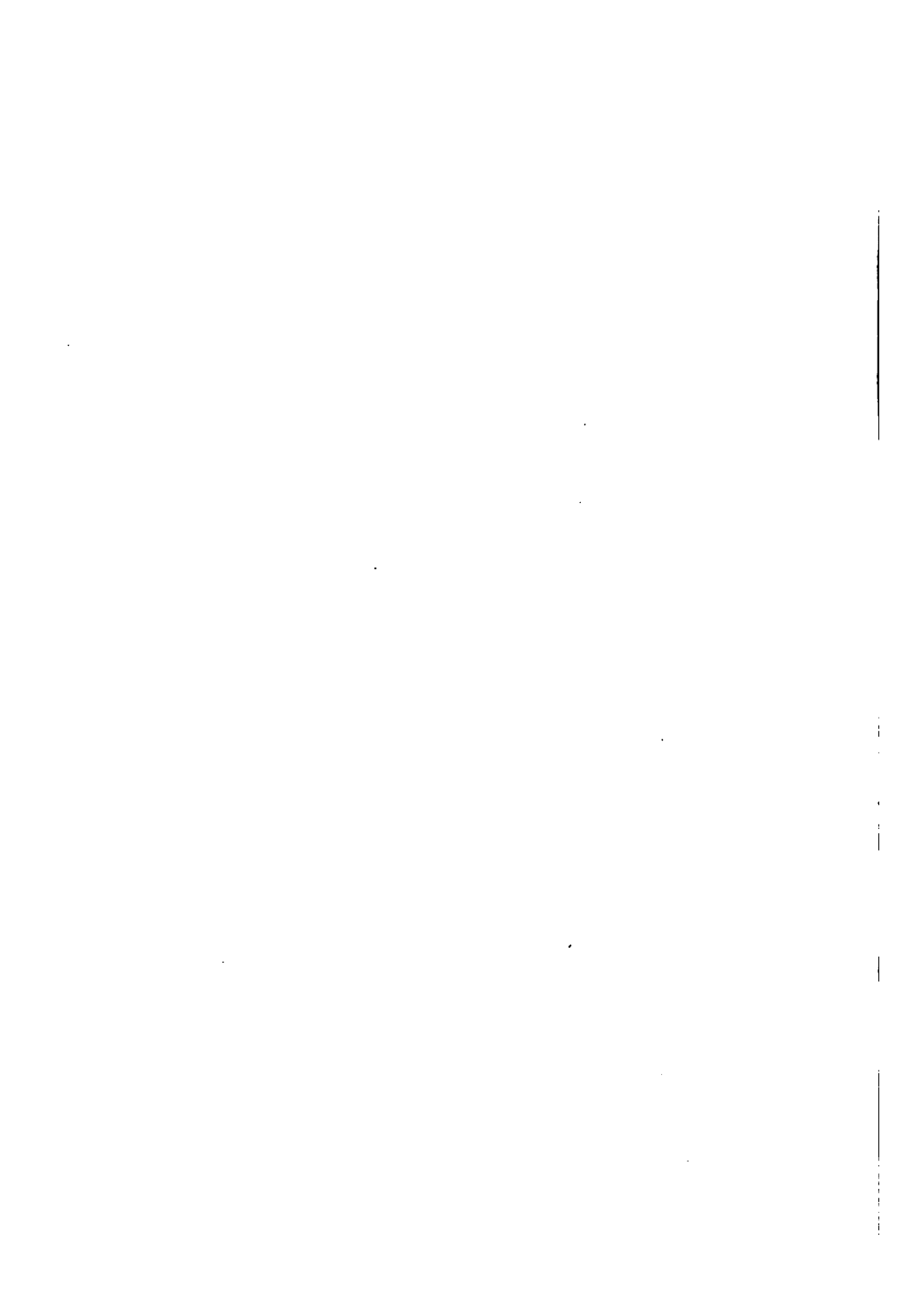
OVER each Syrian hillslope,
And up each Syrian glen,
Behold the billows of poppies,
Lupin and cyclamen!

Here swayed the mightiest armies,
A turbulent human flood,
And here the innocent meadows
Were dyed with innocent blood!

Darius and Alexander, —
Conquered and conqueror!
How the flowers, the faithful flowers,
Follow the feet of War!

*Night and the desert and the quenchless stars,—
Unfathomed mysteries,—
The door whereto no mortal key unbars,
Lo, all things change but these!*

*Night and the desert and the quenchless stars,—
I who have known your spell,
Shall I, one day, when Death's dark door unbars,
Learn the unfathomable?*



THE LYRIC QUEST



THE FLUTES OF APRIL

Don't you hear the flutes of April calling clear and
calling cool

From the crests that front the morning, from the
shaded valley pool,

Runes of rapture half forgotten, tunes wherein old
passions rule?

Passions for the sweet earth beauty hidden long and
hidden deep

Underneath the seal of silence in the vasts of winter
sleep,

Now unleashed and now unloosened once again to
pulse and leap!

Don't you hear the flutes of April, like the ancient
pipes of Pan,

Summoning each slumbering kindred, summoning each
drowsing clan,

Sounding a far-borne reveille to the laggard heart of
man!

Bidding every seed to quicken, bidding every root to
climb,

Thrilling every thew and fibre as with some ecstatic
rhyme,

Setting floods of sap to dancing upward in triumphant
time!

Don't you hear the flutes of April blowing under sun
and star,
Virginal as is the dawning, tender as dim twilights
are,
With the vital breath of being prisoned in each
rhythmic bar?

With their lyric divination, prescience of all things
fair,
With their magic transmutation, guerdon for each soul
to share,
Don't you hear the flutes of April wafted down the
April air?

THE WONDER-WORKER

WHO is the worker, the worker of wonder,
Abroad in the blue and the gold of the morn?
The heart o' me whispers that over and under
Each moment are rapture and ecstasy born.

There's a glint in the rain that goes sweeping and
striding
The levels and crests, and it lilts as it goes;
There's a hint in the blossoms half peering, half
hiding,
Of the tint that shall flush on the leaf of the rose.

But yesterday all earth seemed barren and sterile;
And, save for the wind, Nature's voices were mute,
Now every wide slope waves in undulant beryl,
And forest and rill have the lips of a flute!

Who is the worker, the worker of wonder,
The touch of whose hand has enkindled the sod,
Brought life out of death, cleft the silence asunder?—
The spirit of Spring, yea, the spirit of God!

WINTER IN THE MARSH

I STRODE through the depth of the marsh in the stark
winter-tide of the year;
The pools were as glass, and the grass was umber and
shriveled and sere;
And the trees waved their skeleton arms in the whirl
and the swirl of the flaw,
While around there was never a sound save the crow
with its ominous "caw";
The land seemed the land of the lost, of despair, deso-
lation and dole,
And its gloom, like an evil at night, crept into the
room of my soul.

Then a word, like a bird in the dusk, when the
shadows have mantled the hill,
Made a song, — just a word, — but I felt the dead
heart in me tremble and thrill,
Thrill to life, and my fibres and thews were as those
of one ready to leap,
For I knew, on a sudden, the dolor was but as the
blessing of sleep,
The slumber of sod and of rush and of fern and of
leaf on the tree,
And they waited but only the word to burst from
their bonds and be free.

And the word, it shall come on a day when the wind
shall blow up from the south,
With the winnow of shimmering wings, and a slim
pipe of gold at its mouth;
It may be at droop of the dusk, or it may be at lift of
the sun,
But all of earth's tendrils shall quicken, and all of
earth's waters shall run.
God moulded the word, and He spake it to be a
transfiguring thing,
A joy in man's ears, and a symbol eternal, the magi-
cal "Spring!"

THE CROCUS FLAME

THE Easter sunrise flung a bar of gold
O'er the awakening wold.
What was thine answer, O thou brooding earth,
What token of re-birth,
Of tender vernal mirth,
Thou the long-prisoned in the bonds of cold?

Under the kindling panoply which God
Spreads over tree and clod,
I looked far abroad.
Umber the sodden reaches seemed and sere
As when the dying year,
With rime-white sandals shod,
Faltered and fell upon its frozen bier.
Of some rathe quickening, some divine
Renescence not a sign!

And yet, and yet,
With touch of viol-chord, with mellow fret,
The lyric South amid the bough-tops stirred,
And one lone bird
An unexpected jet
Of song projected through the morning blue,
As though some wondrous hidden thing it knew.

And so I gathered heart, and cried again:
"O earth, make plain,
At this matutinal hour,
The triumph and the power
Of life eternal over death and pain,
Although it be but by some simple flower!"

And then, with sudden light,
Was dowered my veiled sight,
And I beheld in a sequestered place
A slender crocus show its sun-bright face.
O miracle of Grace,
Earth's Easter answer came,
The revelation of transfiguring Might,
In that small crocus flame!

APRIL MUSIC

THE lyric sound of laughter
Fills all the April hills,
The joy-song of the crocus,
The mirth of daffodils.

They ring their golden changes
Through all the azure vales;
The sunny cowslips answer
Athwart the reedy swales.

Far down the woodland aisleways
The trillium's voice is heard;
The little wavering wind-flowers
Join in with jocund word.

The white cry of the dogwood
Mounts up against the sky;
The breath of violet music
Upon the breeze goes by.

Give me to hear, O April,
These choristers of thine
Calling across the distance
Serene and hyaline,

To clear my clouded vision
Bedimmed and dulled so long,
And heal my aching spirit
With fragrance that is song!

THE VOICE

Over the woodland's western walls
In the dawn there's a voice that calls, —

Calls some sweet inscrutable thing,
And sets my feet to wandering!

Why I fare I do not know,
Nor by what devious paths I go,

But I must up and out and away,
Vagrant, vagabond, estray,

Thrall to the voice that calls and calls
Over the woodland's western walls!

Time is but as sand in the glass
Where I loiter and where I pass;

Time is but as the thistle-drift,
Tossed on the winds that sing and shift.

More to me is the wayside flower
Than all of grandeur and all of power.

Haply I have been summoned to see
Where life's dearest treasures be!

Haply I must learn again,
Through stress and sacrifice and pain,

To know that the things of largest worth
Lie close to the throbbing heart of earth!

VINTAGE

FROM out the bondage of the town
I will go up, I will go down,
Along untrod, untrammelled ways,
And give God praise;

Praise for the rue, praise for the sweet,
He spreads before my faring feet,
For, whatsoe'er the vintage be,
It is for me!

Vintage of vine and fern and flower,
Vintage of sun and striding shower,
Vernal, vespernal, blue or white,
Or chrysolite,

It matters not, for it is mine, —
Essence eternal and divine
From the all-bounteous wine-press trod, —
The wine of God!

THE VAGRANT

*Upon my lips the breath of song,
Within my heart a rhyme,
Howe'er time trips or lags along,
I keep abreast with time!*

With flush of crimson on its wings,
The morning mounts the sky;
A swallow soars, a blue-bird sings,
A buoyant wind goes by.

I take the open path; I shake
All shadows from my mind;
In rippling mead, in waving brake,
A virile joy I find.

The noon is like a brimming bowl;
While on my way I win,
I throw wide ope my thirsting soul
And drink the warm light in.

When comes the eve, in purple dressed,
Across the hills afar,
I press unto my yearning breast
The rapture of a star.

And with the night, the soothing night,
I drift down drowsy streams,
And reach at last, to my delight,
The golden bourn of dreams.

*Oh, on my lips the breath of song,
And in my heart a rhyme,
Howe'er time trips or lags along,
I keep abreast with time!*

MY CATHEDRAL

I KNOW a pathway through the pines
Where, when the sun declines,
The shadows take on dreamy hues,
Deep violets and blues.

And there is incense that beguiles
Borne down the pillared aisles
From unseen censers, fragrant rites
Of hidden acolytes.

And there is music full and fair
Upon the dusking air,
As though there were an organ grand
Played by a master hand.

This my cathedral is. I crave
No other architrave
Than this majestic vaulted span
Shaped by no skill of man.

Here are my holy altars; here,
Prayerful I may revere,
Feeling about me flutterings
As of angelic wings.

For well I know God walks the wood
Clad in beatitude;
In light and shade and sound I sense
His loving imminence.

And when I go I take with me
Peace, hope, humility;
And when I pass I leave behind
Doubt, and the darkened mind.

MAY MAGIC

In the under-wood and the over-wood
There is murmur and trill this day,
For every bird is in lyric mood,
And the wind will have its way.
And the wren and thrush and the robin-gush,
And the flute of the vireo,
And when there's a pause, and when there's a hush,
The wind, now loud, now low!

On the under-leaf and the over-leaf
There is shimmer of dye this day,
For oh, the hues beyond belief
On shoot and bough and spray!
There are all the tints that the rainbow glints, —
King-cup loved of the bee,
Violet, trillium, beryl mints,
And the pink anemone!

In the under-air and the over-air
There is wonder abroad this day;
The whole wide face of the world is fair
With the magic of the May;
For the breath of God has kindled the sod,
And swept the skies along,
Till every branch is an Aaron's rod,
And every sound a song!

THE ETERNAL PRESENCE

I HAVE watched the glow on the morning skyline
When the kindling spring from out of the palm-isles
Came, with lilt of lutes and with touch of timbrels,
Winged as the swallow.

Summer I have seen o'er the fertile loam-lands
Spread its gleaming gold and its burnished amber, —
Barley, wheat and rye in the soft winds waving,
Ripe for the reapers.

I have walked with autumn down through the
orchards,
Where lay heaped the fruit with its veins of crimson,
Globes that vied with all of the hues of sunset,
Harvests ambrosial.

Winter I have known, with its shroud of silence,
Vestal, virginal, clad in its arctic ermine,
When the midnight brightened the frosty sky with
Torches auroral.

Just the shifting sands in the Year's great hour-glass,
Turned by Time who works at the Master's bidding,
Where we mark, if we look with eyes unclouded,
The Eternal Presence!

THE LUTE-PLAYER

THERE came at eve an ardent lute-player
Who stood before an open casement long,
And breathed impassioned strains so sweet and
strong

That the enamored breezes ceased to stir.
The vesper-thrushes, choring in the fir,
Grew silent one by one, a raptured throng;
Intent upon the burden of the song,
It was as though the night turned worshiper.

Then over me a sudden thought there swept
Of the young shepherd who, without a fear,
Played on his harp to soothe the mind of Saul;
And, as the moonlight through the lattice crept,
I seemed to see before me, ghostly clear,
A jeweled javelin quivering in the wall!

DIVINITY

How can there be
Dearth of divinity
Whiles that we have resurgence of the sod, —
The quickened clod,
The flowering dogwood-rod, —
That yields the gold of such rich treasury
To the adventurous bee!

In shower and shine,
In muted pine tops or in boughs that breathe
Raptures of choric tone,
In ferns that wreath
The stricken bole or moss-incrusted stone,
In the swift pulses of the stream,
In star-gleam or moon-gleam,
In cloud and storm,
In nature multifold and multiform,
Lo, if ye heed, ye may behold the sign
Of the Divine!

TRUANT FEET

WHAT would you do, I bid you say,
With feet that will not keep the way,
 But ever go a-wandering,
 Like any vagrant, wilding thing,
Or be it dawn or dusk of day?

They needs must leap each upland stile,
Let every glade or copse beguile,
 And, leisurely as noon, explore
 The curvings of each rillet's shore
Thick-set with cress and camomile.

A crest is like a rainbow lure
Unto a child; a wood is sure
 To lead them into windings far
 From beam of sun or gleam of star
To secresies the trees immure.

Ah, youth is fair, and youth is fleet,
And all God's fields and woods are sweet!
 Why set a bond, why set a snare,
 Howe'er or wheresoe'er they fare,
About the tracks of truant feet?

AT THE GRAVE OF POE

SPRING's glow and glamour over Baltimore
Above the green God's acre where he lies,
The sunlight, amber as some fabled ore,
And the ethereal blue of vernal skies,
He who so long since solved the great surmise,
And haply now tunes an immortal lyre
(He who could tune a mortal lyre so well)
With the rapt Israfel,
And the celestial choir.

As white as snow the marble of his tomb
Against the climbing ivy on the wall;
No cypress bough, with its unhallowed gloom,
Here flings its sombre shade funereal;
Even the church-tower, turreted and tall,
Speaks not of dolor, and the slender spines
Of arbor-vitæ tell of life, not death,
The life that quickeneth
His immemorial lines.

Yet he was phantom-haunted; eldritch things
Peopled the silent chambers of his brain;
Forevermore the winnow of dark wings
Beat round about him, as when autumn rain
Is hurtled by wild gusts against the pane.

Weird wraiths companioned him, but none the less,
Amid the forms of ghoul and ghost and gnome,
Figures were wont to roam
Of light and loveliness.

His was the master's magic; every chord
He touched gave forth a throb of melody;
No music welled whereof he was not lord,
Whether he sang some city by the sea,
Or some strange palace built in Faëry;
He wove the spell of immaterial chimes
Into his fabric; e'en the midnight bird
An unforgotten word
Breathed through his charmèd rhymes.

He walked with shadows, and yet who shall say
We are not all as shadows, we who fare
Toward one dim bourn along life's fateful way,
Sharing the griefs and joys once his to share
Who passed erewhile to that fair Otherwhere
Beyond the poignancy of bliss or woe!
There hangs the immitigable pathos of dead years,
High hopes bedewed with tears,
About the grave of Poe.

WORKERS

Out of the formless clay the potter moulds his urn;
Out of the block, rough hewn, the sculptor shapes
his dream;
Through the blend of the painter's hues the dyes of
sunset burn,
And the tints of morning gleam!

Out of the mobile word the poet weaves his rhyme,
As the toiler at the loom watching the shuttle fly,
And lo, there comes a song to lilt in the ear of Time
As the years go winging by!

If ye but bring the zest, the passion-fire at heart,
If ye but feel the glow, if ye but know the thrill,
All of the wonder-world awaits but the worker's art,
Waits but the worker's will!

WANDER SONG

CALLING, calling, and ever calling,
That's the way with the wander-will,
Be dawn at break, or be twilight falling,
Behind the crest of the lonely hill!

The wind's a lure, and the moon has voices,
And 'come!' says the song of the water's flow,
And whatsoever at heart my choice is,
I needs must rise, and I needs must go.

Out and away, then, again a rover
As far as the sound of the outland seas,
And whenever the round of my life be over
Little to lay on the great God's knees.

And yet, and yet, when the quest is ended,
Under the span of the vast blue sky,
It has all been virile and vital and splendid,
And what may a mortal do but die!

*Calling, calling, and ever calling,
That's the way with the wander-will,
Be dawn at break, or be twilight falling,
Behind the crest of the lonely hill!*

HARMONIES

THE Berecynthian flute,
The lovely Lydian lute,
The clear Arcadian pipe
That, when the vernal noons were lush and ripe,
Bore melody's golden fruit,
Lo, these are mute!
But still the nightingale
Lifts its enamored voice in Tempe's vale,
And still in ilex boughs the south wind sigheth
Along those storied shores
Where swart Ionian boatmen ply the oars,
For music never dieth!
And in our new Atlantis of the West,
Anigh its hidden nest,
The furtive forest thrush
Pierces the twilight hush
With haunting gush,
To which, from out its overburdened breast,
Some eremite in ecstasy replyeth.

From eve to eve, from dawn to vermeil dawn,
The harmonies of earth roll ever on and on!

SPENDTHRIFTS

LITHE of foot, blithe of foot, thus we go a-wandering,
Luting it, fluting it, many a path upon;
All the hoard of night and day open for our squandering,
Spendthrifts of the silver stars, spendthrifts of the sun.

Light of heart, bright of heart, no care for our tethering,
Ambling on, rambling on, with no dream of gain;
Frolicking, rollicking, whatsoe'er the weathering
Spendthrifts of the treasure winds, spendthrifts of the rain.

Gay of guise, gray of guise, little heed we all of it,
Laughing on, chaffing on, rule of rose or rime;
Children of old Grandam Earth, raptured by the thrall of it,
Spendthrifts of the golden hours, prodigals of time!

SONG IN MARCH

I sing the first green leaf upon the bough,
The tiny kindling flame of emerald fire,
The stir amid the roots of reeds, and how
The sap will flush the briar.

I sing the sweeping beryl on the slopes,
Ephemerae that come before the bees,
The ferns renascent, and the virgin hopes
Of pale anemones.

I sing the dream's unfolding, and I sing
The chrysalis broken by the ice-freed shore,
The clear air winnowed by the bluebird's wing,
And April at the door!

THE CUP

LIFE, the revealer, mixed a draught,
And brimmed a cup for me;
I raised it to my lips and quaffed
The whole unquestioningly.

For be the brew or peace or strife,
The wine or joy or pain,
The inescapable cup of life
We each and all must drain.

PUSSY-WILLOWS

TO-DAY I saw a child go down the street
Smiling, with pussy-willow buds in hand;
The downy catkins opened for my feet
The gates of fairy-land.

And through them I strayed backward, wandering
Along the rillside paths that once I knew,
Finding in those first heralds of the spring
A childish rapture, too;

Gone all too quickly! And yet how it cheers
The faltering spirit thus to be beguiled,
To feel beneath the heavy weight of years
The glad heart of a child!

TWELFTH NIGHT SONG

HEAPED be the fagots high,
And the half-burnèd bough
From last year's revelry
Be litten now!
Brimmed be the posset bowl
For every lusty soul;
And while the maskers rule,
Cry 'Noel!' cry 'Noel!' down all the halls of Yule!

O eager viols, thrill!
Pipe, hautboys, clear and sweet!
Work your impetuous will,
Ye restless feet!
For every lip — a glass!
For every lad — a lass!
And, ere the ardors cool,
Cry 'Noel!' cry 'Noel!' down all the halls of Yule!

SOUL TO BODY

AND thus my Soul unto my Body said,
With strenuous hardihead; —
“Hear thou this word!
The guests that thou wert wonted to invite
For eye, or ear, or for sweet lip-delight,
Shall not within this house be harborèd!
I have been midnight-mute, and not demurred,
Alas, too long!
Henceforward shall I sternly ward the door,
To any knocking there, attaint with wrong,
Ready to cry, ‘No more!’
Albeit fond familiars, fair of face,
Come smilingly, they shall not step within, —
Beauty, nor Blithesomeness, nor vernal Grace, —
If these are but the glozing cloak of Sin!
Clean-swept are all the rooms, and garnished greenly,
And set about with Purity’s white flower;
There sitteth Peace serenely
From the clear stroke of this renewèd hour;
Hereafter shall be incense lifted only
To that pure Love which knoweth no alloy;
And thou, O Body, thou shalt not be lonely
With thy new comrade — Joy!”

SUNFLOWERS

My tall sunflowers love the sun,
Love the burning August noons
When the locust tunes its viol,
And the cricket croons.

When the purple night draws on,
With its planets hung on high,
And the attared winds of slumber
Wander down the sky,

Still my sunflowers love the sun,
Keep their ward and watch and wait
Till the rosy key of morning
Opes the eastern gate.

Then, when they have deeply quaffed
From the brimming cups of dew,
You can hear their golden laughter
All the garden through!

THE HEIGHTS

HAIL to the heights that bid me climb,
Or capped with green, or white with rime!
Ever they hold out lures of hope
To lead me on from slope to slope;
And though when I the crests have won
There be no need to seize upon,
Effort my sure reward shall be,
The striving and the mastery.
So, as I journey on with time,
I hail the heights that bid me climb!

MAY BY AVON-SIDE

Now should you stray by Avon-side
This Maytime of the year,
In Charlecote Park will sing the lark,
And roam the fallow deer;
And the white plume of hawthorn bloom,
The fair web of earth's wonder-loom,
Make lovely Warwickshire!

And should you stray through Stratford streets
When home the good folk throng,
And shadows flit, and lights are lit
The winding ways along,
From out the casements open thrown,
A-down the twilight breezes blown,
Will soar the sound of song!

And should you stray through Trinity close
To bow in praise or prayer,
Where elm trees braid their shine and shade
In the soft Avon air,
Whether it be by stream or street,
Or where the minster arches meet,
His spirit will be there!

Shakespeare, of the immortal phrase,
Of deathless rhythm and rhyme,
Above the transitory days
Still radiant and sublime,
The glory of whose fame and name
Is limned as by a torch of flame
Upon the walls of Time!

BEAUTY

A SHRED of sunset cloud, a prisms shell,
The lily's urn, the rose's crucible,
Herein lies beauty, with its magic spell.

An autumn leaf afloat upon the wind,
The delicate flush upon the peach's rind,
Herein lies beauty, if ye be not blind.

Glint of a bird's wing, sunlight on the spray,
Deep in love's eyes the tender, answering ray,
Herein lies beauty — cherish it for aye!

A VOYAGER

A CLOUD across the sunset
Floats like a crimson sail,
And I am fain to follow
Along the shining trail,

A voyager of the spirit,
Impatient of delay,
Seeking the end of sorrow
Beyond the end of day.

From some far port celestial
I yearn to hear, "Ahoy!"
And rest therein forever
Communicant with joy!

A YOUNG POET

I **SEE** him in the morning flush,
No outlook dark, no prospect dim,
And wonder what the twilight hush
Will bring to him.

Ideals burn along his way
As burned the Alexandrian flame
When wanderers of an elder day
To Egypt came.

Hopes are like vernal violets now,
Yea, like the golden daffodil!
He dreams not of the barren bough,
The silent rill.

The path is vague, the path is long,
And at the end the severed chord!
Yet the true devotee finds song
Its own reward!

TWILIGHT SONG

THE wind's in the bracken,
The wind's in the fir;
The leaves of the oak boughs
Make tremulous stir;
The hills in the twilight
They purple, they blur.

The moth's at the roses
Its longing to slake;
A last plaintive thrush-note
Drifts up from the brake;
A pale path of silver
Lies long on the lake.

The gray shadows lengthen,
The gray shadows creep;
What secrets the night has
To cherish and keep!
How softly she holds them
And folds them in sleep!

THE QUIET WOOD

I HAVE in memory a quiet wood
Where silence has its altars, and the air
Seems hallowed, hushed as though it were for prayer,
Sacred to restfulness and solitude.
And when upon my mind grave cares intrude,
Into these blessed depths I fain would fare
For meditation, haply plucking there
The herb of solace for each bitter mood.

Then I emerge refreshed. I bear away
Somewhat of the serene content of trees,
The unexplainable largesse of flowers;
I walk exalted through a larger day,
And know at night the guerdon of the hours
Is deeper faith and wider sympathies.

OMENS

THE poplar and the aspen tree
Silver expectantly;
The spinning whirligigs of dust
Dance as though driven by a goad
Along the sinuous length of road.
The wagon couplings groan and creak,
And from afar the raucous peacocks shriek.
The ancient vane, an arrow streaked with rust,
Trembles and veers
As though it shook with fears;
Gray streamers, twisted and entwined
Like elf-locks, blur the spacious blue.
Strange whispers, stealthy as the feet of night,
Creep in upon the wind,
And drift away as fades some phantom crew
Into the moonless murk of lonely seas.
Birds dartle low, with quavering, startled cries;
Hushed is the hum of bees.
The cattle huddle; mottled butterflies
Clutch at the mullein and the milkweed stalk;
The hovering hawk
Wings arrowy to woodward, and swart Drouth,
Triumphant in its tyranny so long,
Takes flight before the rain-bestowing South
Whose touch to earth is soothing as a song.

AN AUTUMN PILGRIM

HE takes the open path at dawn,
With golden lures to lead him on, —
The truant wind's low murmurings,
The surge of southward-sweeping wings.
He sees the gentian by the brook
Cast back at him an azure look,
And marks above the soft green sod
 A pirouetting butterfly,
Like a blown shred of goldenrod,
 Go drifting by.

He tastes the brew that Robin Hood
Once quaffed within the ancient wood, —
The aromatic essences
Of beechen and of balsam trees;
And feels an ardor run along
His veins, and stir his lips to song, —
A simple strain of reedy mirth,
 Echoes of airs Arcadian,
Full of the ecstasy of earth,
 The joy of Pan.

He thrills to hear the crickets croon
Beneath the arches of the noon,

When the red harvest-promise smiles
From all the fruited orchard aisles;
And gleans more glory from the hues
That on the hill slopes flame and fuse, —
Senses in them a stronger spell
Than in the radiant dyes that glow
On canvases by Raphael
And Angelo.

And if the dusk and dewfall find
Him still unhoused, he knows them kind,
Like the light touch of tender hands;
And through the quiet autumn lands,
Accompanied by dreams, he goes,
His spirit filled with sweet repose;
Then on the bosom of the west
A fair beam beckons from afar,
A guerdon, and a guide to rest, —
One pilgrim star!

REWARD

If so be the dawn withhold
Something of its flooding gold,
If so be the noon refuse
Something from its brimming cruse,
If so be the eve repress
Something of its tenderness,
Shall I, clothed in doubt and pride,
Cry my meed has been denied?
Nay, but let me rather rise
Toward that hour of certainties
When my merit cup shall be
Filled with what is due to me!

THE MYSTERY

A LITTLE stirring of the mold,
A little green, a little gold,
And lo, from out the umber earth,
Life's mystery of birth!

A little stirring of the mold
To cover something spent and old,
And lo, with fleeting of a breath,
Life's mystery of death!

ALTARS

MANKIND of old reared altars on the hills,
And made burnt offerings, and chanted prayers
Unto the Unseen Spirit, for the heights,
The winds, the vasts of the untrammelled sky,
Seemed nearest to Divinity, but we, —
We know that God is in the riven depths
Of canyons, in the wood's green fastnesses,
Yea, on the broad breast of the whelming sea,
And rear our holiest altars in the heart!

WHO KNOWS THE MASTER MAKER'S MIND

Who knows the Master Maker's mind,
Who knows the Master Maker's art,
That shaped the wings that are the wind,
And moulded red the rose's heart?

We mark new marvels every day;
New wonders every day we find;
Yet who, in all our clan of clay,
Who knows the Master Maker's mind?

HONEYCOMBS

WITHIN the clover's crimson cells
The brown bee finds delectables,
And, gathering, he bears them home
To store within the honeycomb
Against the chill of barren days,
When white drifts gird the clover-ways.

Observant of the toiler bee,
May we not learn philosophy?
Nor let the sweetnesses that lie
Wide spread beneath God's open sky
Neglected and ungarnered go,
At dawn-break and at even-glow,
But store them in a place apart,
That honeycomb which is the heart!

THE PLAYHOUSE OF DREAMS

WHILE the blue dawn-wind by us streams,
And clouds of evening move or pass,
We dwell in our Playhouse of Dreams,
Where visions gleam as in a glass.

The puppets pass, the puppets pair,
Acting in varied guise their parts,
With comic or with tragic air,
And all the old unchanging arts.

And though like wraiths they fade and flee,
Yet very real each actor seems,
For 'tis the play of Life we see
Dwelling in our Playhouse of Dreams!

SHIPS

WHITHER, O barques that plough the plunging brine

On wide adventure, whither do you fare?

Down dim horizons through the sparkling air

I mark your slowly lessening hulls decline.

Seek you far ports below the distant line,

Rio or Argentine, or do you dare

The perils of the Horn, and hope to share

Pacific seas, where palm fronds shift and shine?

You know not what awaits you, glow or gloom,

The peaceful homing, or the deep sea doom;

The haven, or the reef in its white lair;

So do I question on the sea of life,

That ocean of commingled calm and strife,

Whither, O mortals, whither do you fare?

ORACLES

BEFORE the birth-song of the Galilean
Thrilled through the spheres afar,
Long ere the echo of that sweet peace psalm
Was borne from star to star,

Men sought from prophets, priests, and statues
graven,
To gain some gleam of light
That should illumine the future's pathway, paven
With shadows dark as night.

Deep in the heart of Libyan deserts arid
Was Ammon's altar reared,
And long and patiently the pilgrims tarried
To list the voice they feared.

The laureled Pythian priestess of Apollo,
From hills that Delphi crown,
Inspired by breathings from her cave's black
hollow,
Sent her weird visions down.

Dodonian oaks, through which low tongues seemed
crying
To every wandering breeze,

Drew, by their power of wondrous prophesying,
Strange folk far over seas.

Happy were they who dreamed of no deceiving,
Whate'er the worshiped shrine,
Who lived undoubting lives out, still believing
In tokens sibylline!

Shall we, who bow before the one eternal
And gracious Godhead, hold
In scorn what they deemed sacred in those vernal
Sweet Grecian days of old?

Nay, nay, for while its lustrous light outflinging
Clear gleams the morning star,
The vocal trees, the free birds' rapturous singing,
Will be oracular!

I HAVE SEEN BEAUTY

I HAVE seen beauty where the hills of spring
Lifted against the morning's flooding gold,
Enrobed as with divine appareling,
Haloed and aureoled.

I have seen beauty where the summer slopes
In rose and flaming poppy dipped away
To valleys hung with sunset, like rich hopes,
At the decline of day.

I have seen beauty where the autumn woods
Spread their resplendent arras to the breeze,
Wherefrom the sense gained new beatitudes,
And undreamed harmonies.

I have seen beauty where the winter skies
Pulsed with the pale auroras from the pole,
Above wide fields that to the wondering eyes
Were like a stainless scroll.

I have seen beauty in the gloom and glow,
Upon the earth, in the engirdling air,
Till deep within my heart of hearts I know
Beauty dwells everywhere.

THE APIARY

HERE the wingèd honey seeker
Pours from out his brimming beaker
Clover essences, and fine
Nectar from the columbine.
Here is found the rare fulfilment
Of ambrosial distilment.
Ne'er was more delicious hoard
From Olympian chalice poured, —
Burden from the lily cell;
Guerdon from the pimpernel;
Filchment from the larkspur tall,
And the rose imperial!
Who, at such divine delight,
Would not turn a Sybarite!
Linger o'er the attared cup
Till the latest star be up!
Join in rouse and revelry
At the Tavern of the Bee!

THE CALL OF THE HILLS

I LIST its sound in the night,
The surge song of the sea;
I mark it, a welter of white
Or gray with the driven rain;
I watch it broad and bright,
A sapphire harmony, —
But the hills call and the rills call, so it's
ho, for the hills again!

The ships go wavering by,
And fade on the faint sea rim;
Graceful the white gulls fly,
Their cry like a far refrain;
The low wind comes like a sigh
From the outer islands dim, —
But the hills call and the rills call, so it's
ho, for the hills again!

I turn my back on the foam,
On the long curved line of shore,
On the dunes and the reedy loam
And the murmur of the main;
Oh, the hill man seeks his home
As the sailor the ocean's roar!
Hark! the hills call and the rills call, so it's
ho, for the hills again!

LIFE

SENTIENT from out the illimitable void,
With darkness palpitant, into a space
Concave, with vasts of scintillating blue,
And peopled by innumerable forms,
Was I cast groping. Overhead an eye
Of dazzling fire depended, and there rose
Murmurs of voices multitudinous,
And sound of wind and waters. Then the light
Failed, and above upon the gloom were pricked
Irradiant sparks, and slowly there upclomb
A luminous spectral disc. Again the fire;
Again and yet again the ghostly orb;
And aye the sound of voice and wind and wave!
Now was I stung with cold, now scorched with heat;
Now racked with pain, now swept with ecstasy.
Then suddenly, and ere I was aware
What meant the ceaseless shuttle, — the great void!
And, as I passed, a whisper — “*That was Life!*”

THE FISHERMAN

A MANY men there be that go,
Free footed, wandering to and fro
Athwart God's open, sun-kissed ways,
Their hearts o'erbrimming with the praise
Of all the wilding things that are
Beneath the steadfast sun and star;
And foremost of this roving clan
I love the ardent fisherman!

He carries still within his breast
An incommunicable zest,
A fervor that may never tire,
A flame unwavering, a desire
Unquenchable as is the dawn,
That leads him on and ever on;
And though he's fain of spoil, at root
His primal passion is pursuit!

His pulses throb and thrill to feel
The vibrant whirring of his reel;
Elation fills him when he spies
Upon his line the gleaming prize;
Yet when the sunset embers burn
Low in the twilight's purple urn,

And he has no reward to show,
Is he dark-browed and doleful? No!

Another day, another hour,
Fortune may yield her shining shower!
Still in his bosom bides the lure
As fixed as is the cynosure.
It is the striving, not the gain,
That lifts us to the loftiest plane;
The quest, although we miss the goal,
That stays the fibre of the soul!

And so, whate'er his class or clan,
I love the ardent fisherman!

AN AUTUMN SONG

SLOW reddening dawns, and early purpling eves
Lit by the glamour of the vesper star;
Under the noon a wind that faintly grieves
Behind the hills afar.

A surge of hastening wings toward distant seas
Beneath the azure of the tropic day;
O'er all the land resplendent tapestries
That fade like dreams away.

Beauty about us in alluring guise,
Her radiant path by golden gossamer crossed,
And yet at heart, perceived in subtle wise,
A sense of something lost.

DUST

TINY atoms of dust

Wavering down the wind!

And they might have been the heart of the rose,

Or the fragrant drift of apple-snows,

Or the quince's cloven rind.

Beauty flees as a dream

When the morning twilight wanes,

Fades like the harvest aureole,

But ever the fragile, breathing soul

Of loveliness remains!

AT THE FALLING OF THE LEAF

WHEN I behold the red leaf fade and fall
And the lush grasses to dull umber turn,
When the green fronds have withered on the fern,
And bare vines lie along the orchard wall,
I am like one who from a festival,
Where bright lights toss and fragrant spices burn,
And rich wines sparkle in the brimming urn,
Retreats into the night and hears the call

Of something imminent on earth, in air,
Some portent, omen, sign or prophecy
Of things calamitous that are to be;
One who goes forward shaken and aware,
While darkness spreads its vast veil everywhere,
In nature's death of our mortality.

DUSK

HER feet along the dewy hills
Are lighter than blown thistle-down;
She bears the glamour of one star
Upon her violet crown.

With her soft touch of mothering,
How soothing to the sense she seems!
She holds within her gentle hand
The quiet gift of dreams.

AUTUMN IN THE BEECH WOOD

WE to the beechen wood will go,
While the hale winds of morning blow,
 To taste of idleness awhile,
And let life's troubled currents flow
 Afar from our enchanted isle.

There shall be naught to mar our mood
Within the calm and cloistral wood;
 An immaterial wizard's wand
Will fill us with beatitude
 From crimson leaf and yellowing frond.

There shall be speech enough for us
In the faint thrush note tremulous,
 In the low twittering of the wren;
Earth's loveliness, made conscious thus,
 Will flood the sense and soul again.

The imminence we shall descry
Of spirit wings that wander by
 Upon serene celestial ways,
And be uplifted, you and I,
 Above our transitory days!

SANCTUARY

LET us put by some hour of every day
For holy things! — whether it be when dawn
Peers through the window pane, or when the noon
Flames, like a burnished topaz, in the vault,
Or when the thrush pours in the ear of eve
Its plaintive monody; some little hour
Wherein to hold rapt converse with the soul,
From sordidness and self a sanctuary,
Swept by the winnowing of unseen wings,
And touched by the White Light Ineffable!

NOW NO BIRD SINGS

Now no bird sings
On the beechen spray,
And no leaf clings
To the ashen briar;
But upon a day
Not far away
There'll be winnow of wings
And a crimson fire,
God's hand at play
On the loom of May,
God's hand at play on the lyre!

THE GREAT CARBUNCLE

FLAMELIKE upon the mountain's cragged face
Glowed the Great Carbuncle; beneath the noon
A rival to the sun's eye, and when night
Unfolded all the spangle of its stars,
A crimson lure that leaped from ledge to ledge,
Glinted like dancing marsh-fires through the trees,
Climbed the sheer heights, and hung above the crest
A beckoning splendor.

To the vale below
At shut of summer twilight came the Man,
And raised amazed eyes, for while the shades
Empurpled all the valley, far o'erhead
Flamelike upon the mountain's cragged face
Glowed the Great Carbuncle, and burned and shed
A double sunset. Through his midnight dreams
Pulsed the irradiant vision, as a forge
Pulses what time the metal's molten mass
Gushes from out its maw. And when the dawn
Flowered, and he saw his dream was not a dream,
Haste hung upon his footsteps while he fared
Up still and up, like many another led
By the false gleam of avarice. In his brain
Lights leaped and throbbed, — rich imageries of power
Like those that swept the thought of Tamerlane

And Alexander, — the broad world his fee
Could he but grasp the jewel. So he came,
As none had come in all those elder days,
Though nameless ones had striven madly, where
Flamelike upon the mountain's cragged face
Glowed the Great Carbuncle.

His trembling arms
Outyearned to clasp the cincture of the stone,
When, like a breathing thing, it loosed and leaped
From the bedrock, cleft, as the lightning cleaves,
A deep-girthed pine bole, then the awaiting lake
Embosomed it forever, while the Man
Stared, fraught with frenzy, then too poised and
leaped.

Now in the wan late watches of the moon
Mysterious ripples as of ruby run
Across the hill-hid waters, nor are lost
Until they mingle with the rose of morn.

SOLI DEO GLORIA

IN middle heaven a form behold;
Fair-aureoled
Her shapely brow with noon-bright gold;
Soli Deo Gloria!

Upon a little cloud she stands,
Within her hands
A tympanum with scarlet bands;
Soli Deo Gloria!

Thereon she playeth without fault,
While up the vault
Her voice makes silvery assault, —
Soli Deo Gloria!

Till, blended with her soaring notes,
Adown there floats
An echo from a myriad throats, —
Soli Deo Gloria!

An angel she of God's own choir,
Whose one desire
Is higher yet to chant, and higher, —
Soli Deo Gloria!

And every year, upon the morn
When Christ was born
Within the manger-bed forlorn, —

Soli Deo Gloria!

'Tis hers to bid song's raptures run
From sun to sun,
And list to earth's low antiphon, —

Soli Deo Gloria!

Would that our praise might swell and rise
Along the skies,
And scale the gates of Paradise, —

Soli Deo Gloria!

Bearing, with more complete accord,
Unto the Lord, —
Forevermore our watch and ward, —

Soli Deo Gloria!

THE WIND BEGUILETH ALL

THE wind beguileth all;
Elusive lisper,
Hear him whisper, — whisper, — whisper, —
Mellow in rise and eloquent in fall!
He plays the lover,
With bird-like poise and dart and hover,
Lipping forevermore a madrigal.
White Janivere, or sapphire June,
Autumnal days, or hour Aprilian,
A golden tune
He breathes, as from the ancient pipes of Pan.

O wandering troubadour,
Ever evasive,
Still penetrant, persistent and persuasive,
I love to lie and listen to your lure!
For now I know the lotused marges
Of the mysterious Nile,
Where, in the time long dead, the deep-oared barges
Moored 'neath the shadow of some kingly pile;
And now I am aware of some fair garden
(Ah, radiant span!)
That hath for warden
The rose of Ispahan;

And now I am transported
By fluctuant melodies
To where the drowsing coral isles are courted
By the warm arms of Austral-Asian seas.

Dawn-flush, noon-languor, eve's purpureal
Pallor behind the hill-crests, if it fall
Upon attuned ears, — the earth-old call, —
The wind, the minstrel wind, beguileth all!

DAFFODIL TIME

It is daffodil time, so the robins all cry,
For the sun's a big daffodil up in the sky,
And when down the midnight the owl calls "to-
whoo!"

Why, then the round moon is a daffodil too;
Now sheer to the bough-tops the sap starts to climb,
So, merry my masters, it's daffodil time!

It is time for the song; it is time for the sonnet;
It is time for Belinda to have a new bonnet,
All fashioned and furbished with things that are fair,
To rest like a crown on her daffodil hair;
Love beats in the heart like the pulse of a rhyme,
So, merry my masters, it's daffodil time!

It is time when the vales and the hills cry "Away!
Come, join in the joy of the daffodil day!"
For somewhere one waits, with a glow on her face,
With her daffodil smile, and her daffodil grace.
There's a lilt in the air, there's a cheer, there's a chime,
So, merry my masters, it's daffodil time!

WOONG SONG

"Twas at the marge of summertide, ere mowers made
the hay,
When the sweet breath of eglantine blew up the
meadow-way;
The south-wind to its tender lute made many a mellow
vow;
"It's time to be a-woong!" sang the red-bird on the
bough;
"Sooth, if you wish to woo her, why, you'd better
woo her now!"

Ripe red the wilding strawberries were growing in the
grass;
"Oh, bending daisy blooms," said I, "and did you see
her pass?"
They nodded and they nodded, and they nodded once
again,
And there she was a-coming at the turning of the
lane;
My heart was fleeter than my feet, although my feet
were fain.

Her smile was like the break o' dawn — (I'll give you
just a clue!)

Her eyes, her hair, her cheeks, — but there, no simile
will do!

I clasped her willing hands in mine — (what little
hands she had!)

The red-bird kept a-chorusing; the very trees were
glad;

Aye, all the world was gay that day around one lass
and lad!

STRAWBERRIES

AGAIN the year is at the prime,
With flush of rose and cuckoo-croon;
Care doffs his wrinkled air, and Time
Foots to a gamesome tune.
So, ho, my lads, an' if you will
But follow underneath the hill,
It's strawberries! strawberries!
You shall feast, and have your fill.

The elder clusters promise wine
Where dips the path along the lane;
The early lowing of the kine
Floats like a far refrain.
You will forget to dream indeed
Of fruit that Georgian loam-lands breed
In strawberries! strawberries!
That wait for us in Martin's mead.

Then haste, before the sun be high,
And, haply, catch the morning star,
For, ere the cups of dew be dry,
The berries sweetest are.
And if, perchance, a rustic lass
In merriment a-milking pass,
It's strawberries! strawberries!
On her lips as in the grass.